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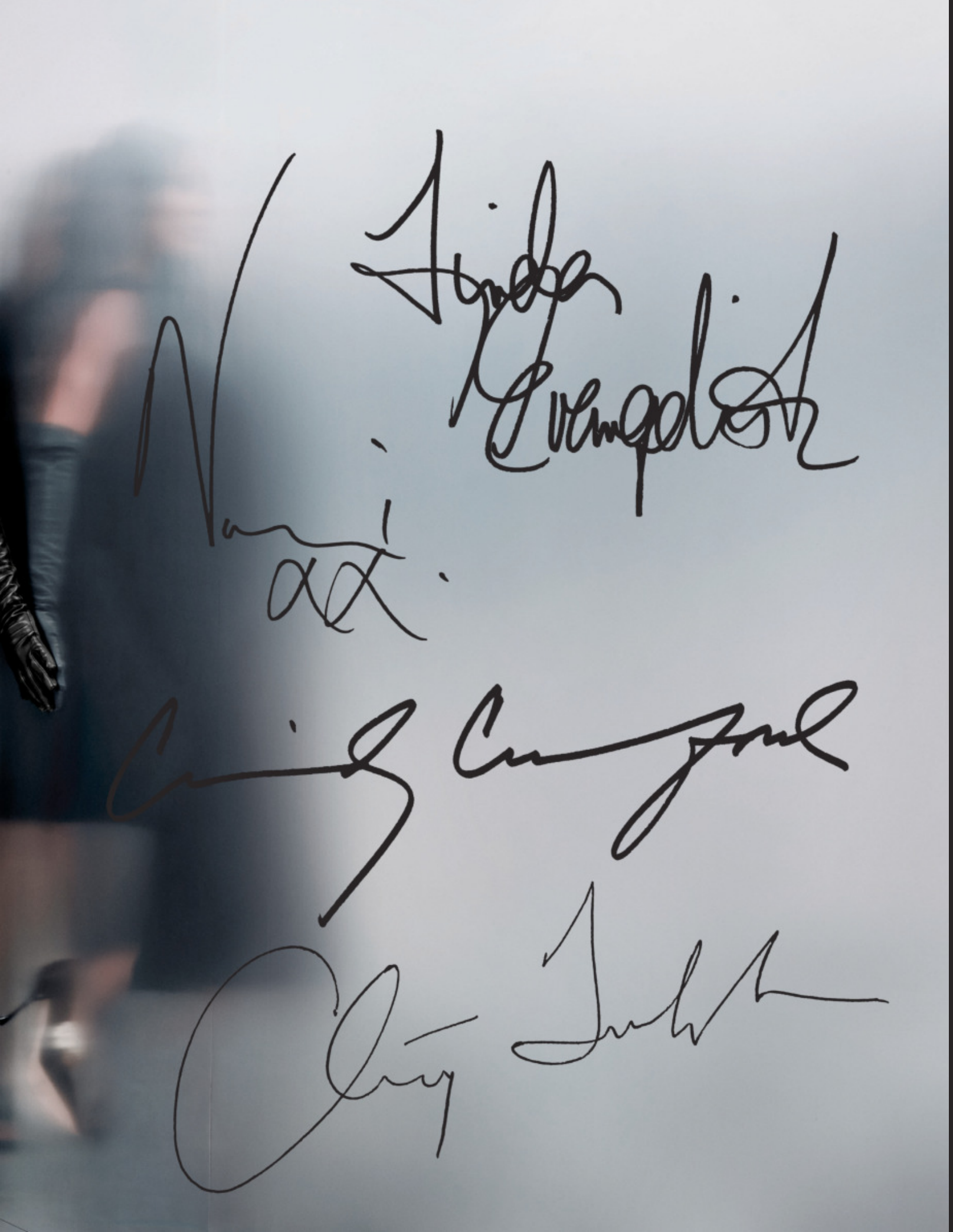

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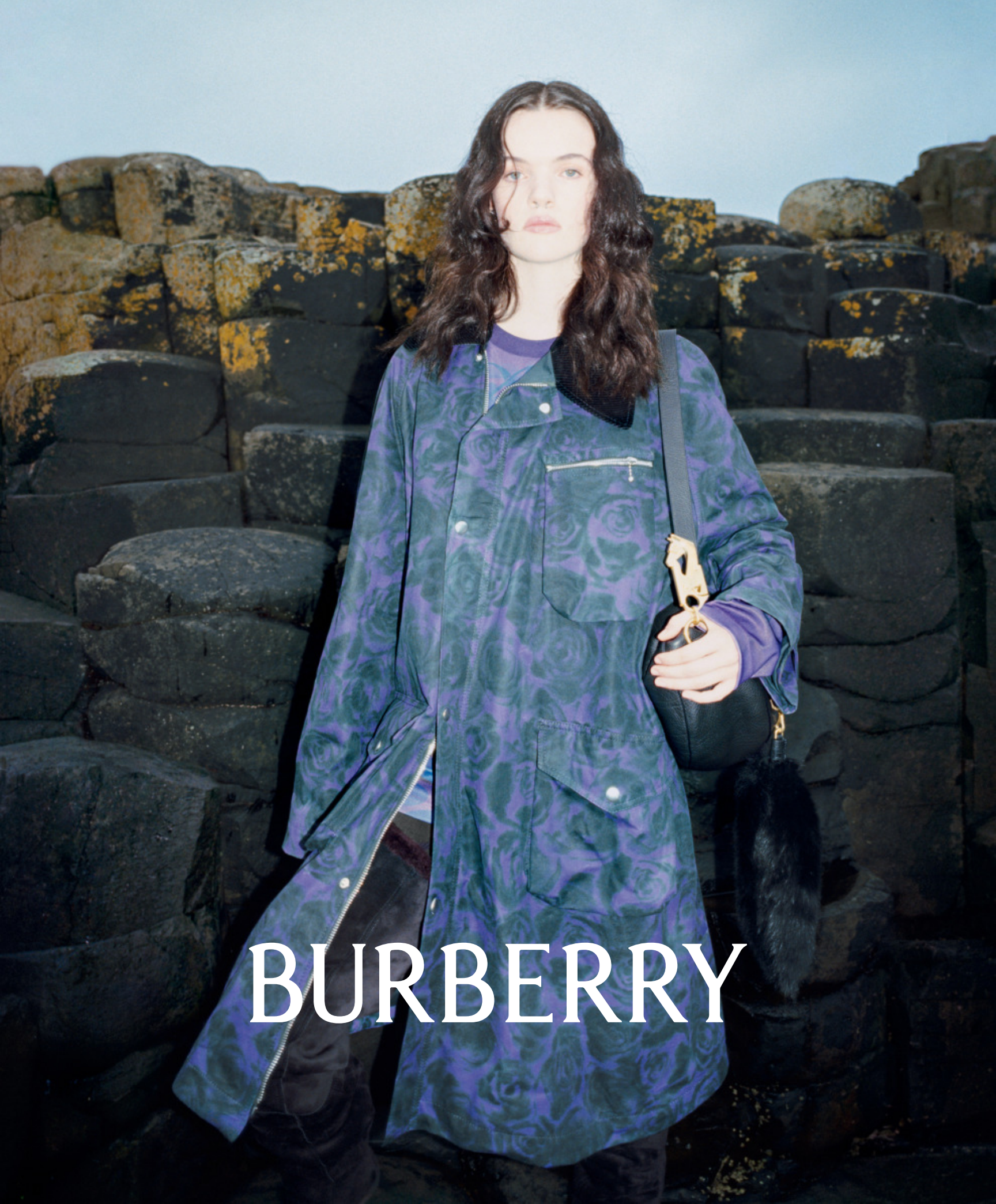
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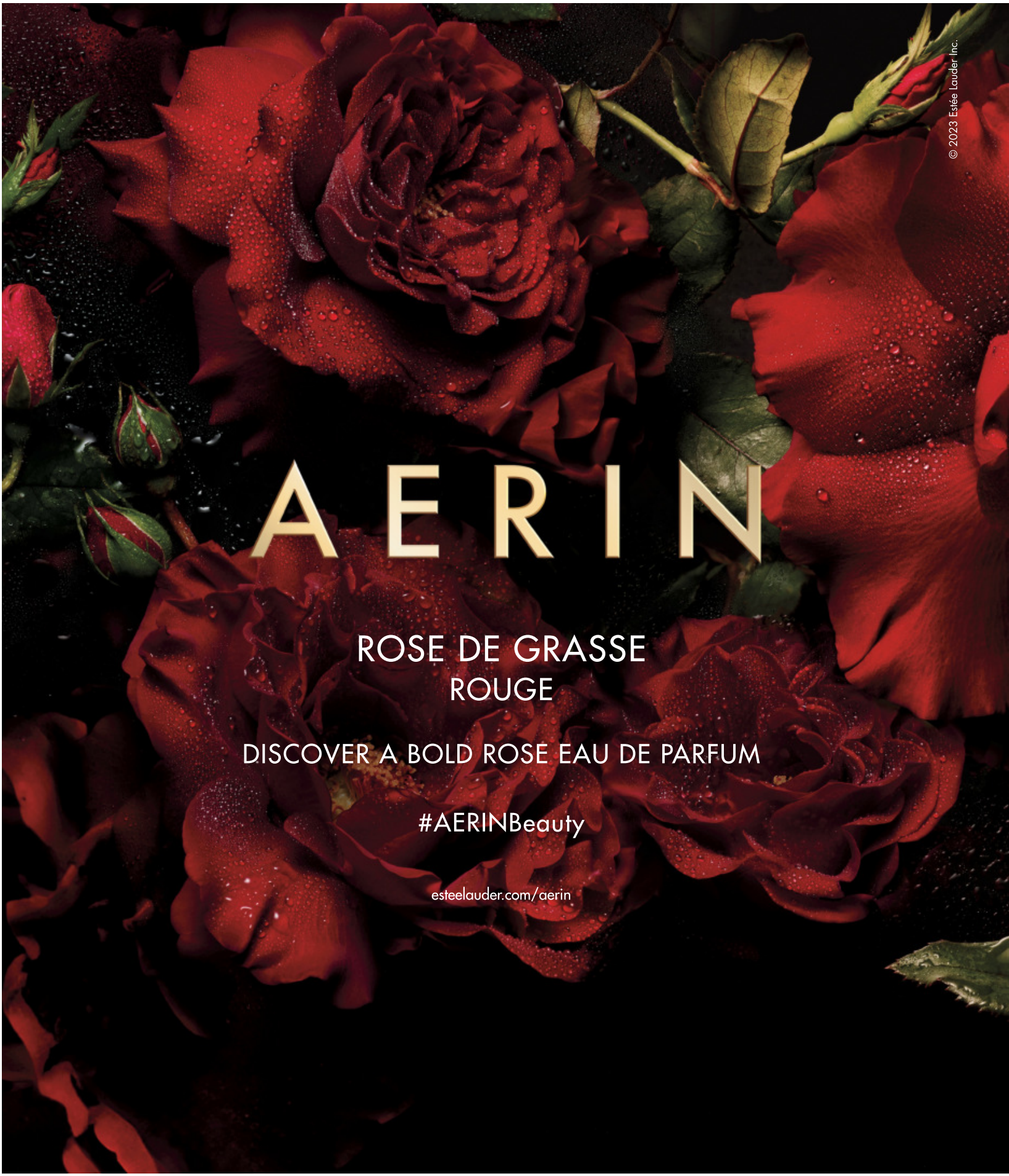
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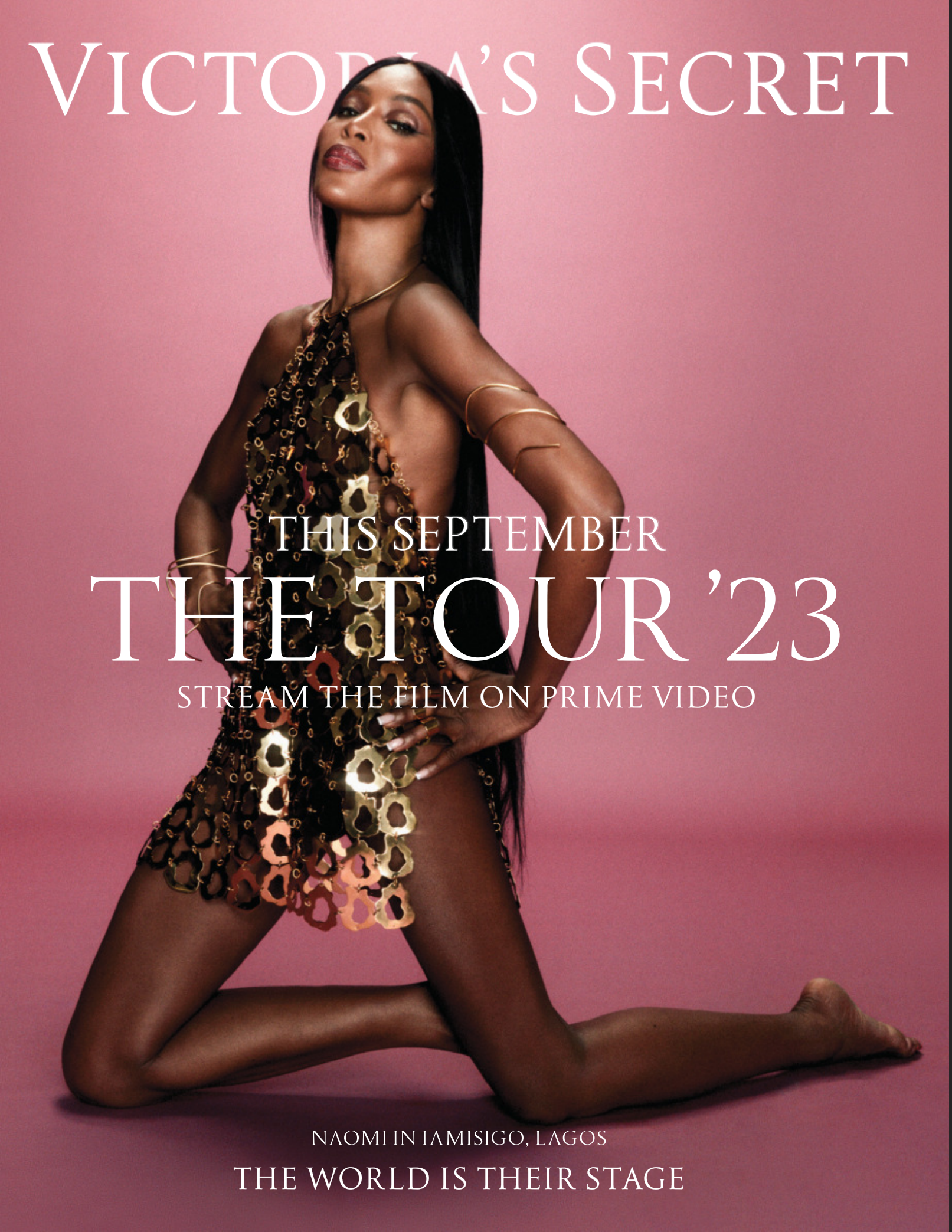
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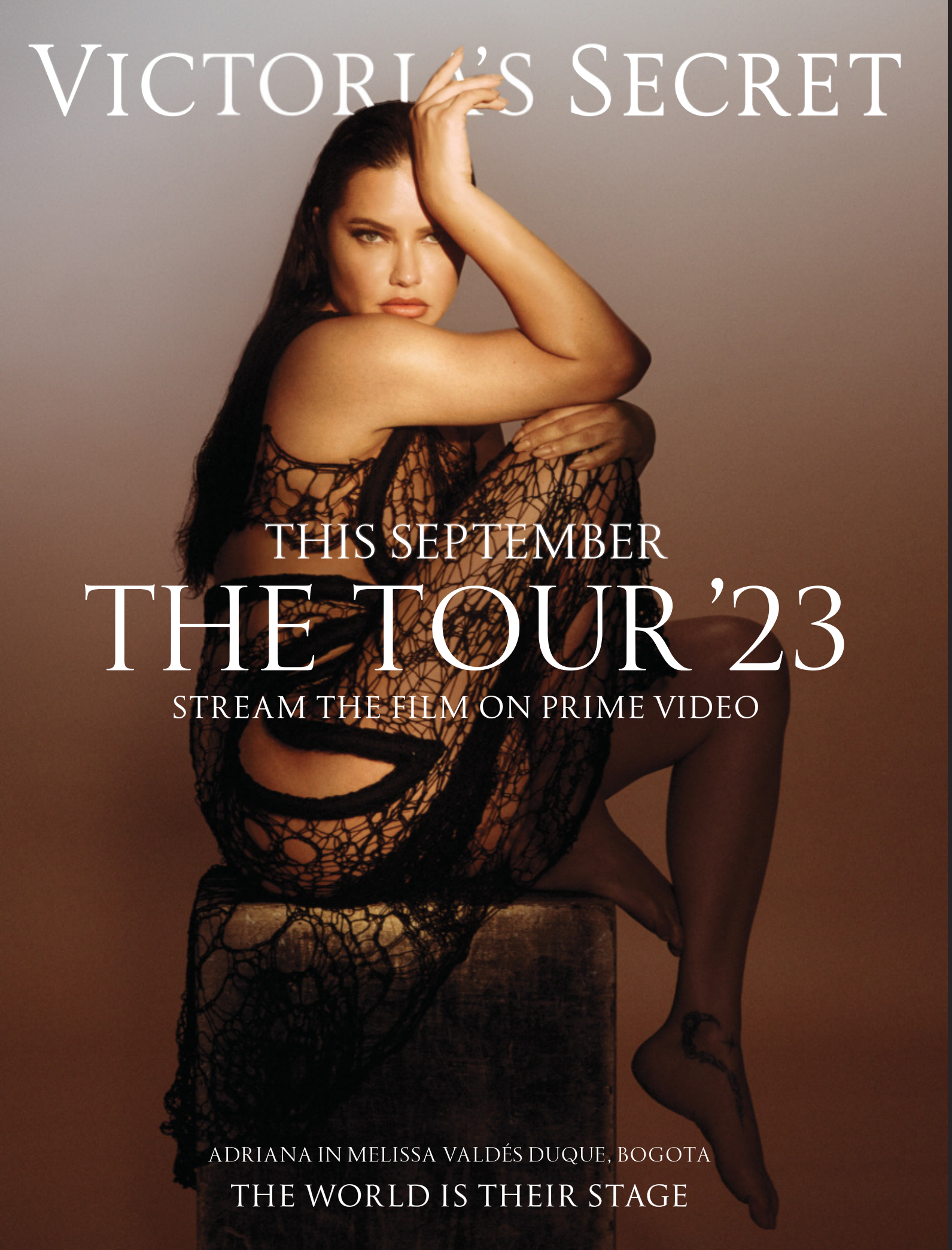
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VOGUE

September 2023

FASHION EDITORS: AMANDA AND TALLULAH HARLECH.
HAIR, SHIORI TAKAHASI; MAKEUP, MATHIAS VAN HOOFF. PRODUCED BY 360PM.

COAT TO COAST
MODEL ELLA RICHARDS BRAVES THE WATERS IN A BALENCIAGA COAT. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SEAN THOMAS.

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September 2023

BETTER TOGETHER
MARYLAND GOVERNOR WES MOORE AND FIRST LADY DAWN MOORE, IN A MICHAEL KORS COLLECTION BLOUSE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.

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The Shape of Things to Come
At New York City's new Perelman Performing Arts Center—a creative capstone of the World Trade Center complex's decades-long rebuilding—architecture and optimism find form. By Chloe Schama

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Maryland's Democratic governor Wes Moore is a former Rhodes Scholar and paratrooper inspiring great expectations. His message? Service will save us. By Taylor Antrim

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Early on, Zadie Smith became something of a reluctant poster child for multicultural Britain. Her new, historical novel excavates her country's history. Zing Tsjeng goes along for the journey

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Once dismissed and derided, Stephen Sondheim and George Furth's *Merrily We Roll Along* returns to Broadway this month for the first time in over 40 years. Revived and reinvented—or showing the heart it's had all along? By Marley Marius

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At Glyn Cywarch, in northwestern Wales, romantic silhouettes—and a restless sense of play—meet a grand and storied setting. Yet to Amanda Harlech and her family, the 400-year-old estate simply feels like home

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In Luca Guadagnino's torrid tennis romance *Challengers,* Josh O'Connor shows he's a leading man of a particular stripe: sensitive, mercurial, and dreamy to the hilt. By Gaby Wood

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Daniel Roseberry, the creative director of Maison Schiaparelli, is the toast of the couture. Nathan Heller finds that his path from the Dallas suburbs to the Place Vendôme is equally out of the ordinary

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Airy pastel eyes light a way beyond leaden makeup tutorials, and many of us are ready to brighten up, writes Arden Fanning Andrews

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Just One Thing
The perfect two-piece suit contains multitudes. Model Grace Elizabeth does fashion math on the innumerable styling options of this checked version by Louis Vuitton—and the results always equal chic

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The Get
Whether you're headed out or staying at home, elevate your weekend wardrobe with a few choice pieces

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Last Look

Cover Look Supers Revisited

FROM LEFT: Linda Evangelista wears a Michael Kors Collection coat. D'Accori shoes. Cindy Crawford wears a Bottega Veneta dress. Sergio Rossi shoes. Christy Turlington wears a Versace jacket, skirt, and shoes. Naomi Campbell wears a Prada dress. Paula Rowan gloves. Roger Vivier shoes. Hair, Eugene Souleiman; makeup, Stephane Marais using Dior Beauty; makeup for Naomi Campbell, Adam Fleischhauer. Details, see In This Issue.

Photographer: Rafael Pavarotti.
Fashion Editor: Edward Enninful.

SITTINGS EDITOR: CHLOE MALLE. HAIR, ARIANNA SHIELDS; MAKEUP, JACKIE CYRILLE. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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How do you define an icon? Grandeur, success, magnitude? The impact she, he or they had on the world? The scale they climbed? The respect, reverence and reputation an object, location or moment is granted?

So, how do you re-define what can't be defined? How do you re-icon an icon? Re-connect our relationship, re-create our impression, re-elevate our level of respect? How do you go higher than the highest? Progress what has plateaued to reach a new peak?

Simple. To re-define an icon, let it be re-iconic.

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Letter From the Editor

Now and Then

I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST time I went to a shoot. It must have been 30 years ago? More? But this wasn't an ordinary day on set. This was history being made: Cindy, Naomi, Christy, and Linda together again, conjuring fashion magic as only they can. British *Vogue*'s Edward Enninful was the consummate editor, mixing a throwback spirit with the energy and relevance of now, and his collaborator, the brilliant young photographer Rafael Pavarotti, was in his element too, at the center of so much celestial star power.

The scene had wattage, pure and simple. But there was uncommon warmth too. These four Supers, indomitable women each of them, know one another so well, and they know *Vogue* so well that the proceedings had the air of a family reunion.

It was moving for me, a bit like peering backward through a telescope and seeing just how far we've all come. And it reminded me that relationships like these have given meaning to editing *Vogue* for all these years. These four women were quite young when I first met them—girls, really, on the cusp of so much. The distance they've traveled is remarkable, and it came through in everything they said on the set, in our video shoot afterward, and in their interviews with Sally Singer, who wrote the story that accompanies Pavarotti's photographs. Cindy talked about the friendships she's made in her career. "It really is like your second family," she said, looking around. Naomi talked about her feeling of sisterhood with the others: "When one is down, you pick the other one up." Linda and Christy talked about their lives then and now: heartbreaks and triumphs and the miracles of parenthood (they're all mothers). So much life in one room.

And so much *Vogue* history. The covers these four have done—the Peter Lindbergh British *Vogue* cover with all of them (and the late Tatjana Patitz); the solo covers here in the US, too many to name; more *Vogue* covers in France, Italy, Spain, and beyond. It's a parade of glamour, a gallery of fashion history. We live in a time when images come and go with the touch of a screen. Longevity is something to be treasured.

And oh, yes, there's a documentary this month! A four-part series from Apple TV+ titled *The Super Models,* which tells the story of these four legends and measures their legacy. It's handsomely done, and it gave us the thought to ask them to sit for our September cover in the first place. I'm thrilled to say that this is a shared cover with our collaborators at British *Vogue* and will appear in many editions all around the world.

There's history all over this September issue as I look through it. Zadie Smith is someone we've had in *Vogue* before, and whose career we've celebrated over the years. Together with British *Vogue* we asked Tyler Mitchell to photograph her for a profile on the occasion of her brilliant sixth novel, *The Fraud.* Amanda Harlech has been in our pages many times, as editor and writer and photographic subject—and she's here again giving us a charming account of life at her family estate in Wales, where she >138

VOGUE CLUB

TOP LEFT: EDWARD ENNINFUL AND ANNA WINTOUR WITH CHRISTY TURLINGTON, NAOMI CAMPBELL, AND CINDY CRAWFORD, ALL IN MICHAEL KORS COLLECTION. LINDA EVANGELISTA WEARS THE ROW. TOP RIGHT: THE SUPERS ON *VOGUE* COVERS PAST.

TOP LEFT: FASHION EDITOR: EDWARD ENNINFUL. PRODUCED BY PRODN: SET DESIGN BY STEFAN BECKMAN. CAMPBELL COVER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. *VOGUE*, SEPTEMBER 1989. EVANGELISTA COVER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER. *VOGUE*, JUNE 1990. TURLINGTON COVER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN KLEIN. *VOGUE*, OCTOBER 2002. CRAWFORD COVER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY HERB RITTS. *VOGUE*, FEBRUARY 1994.

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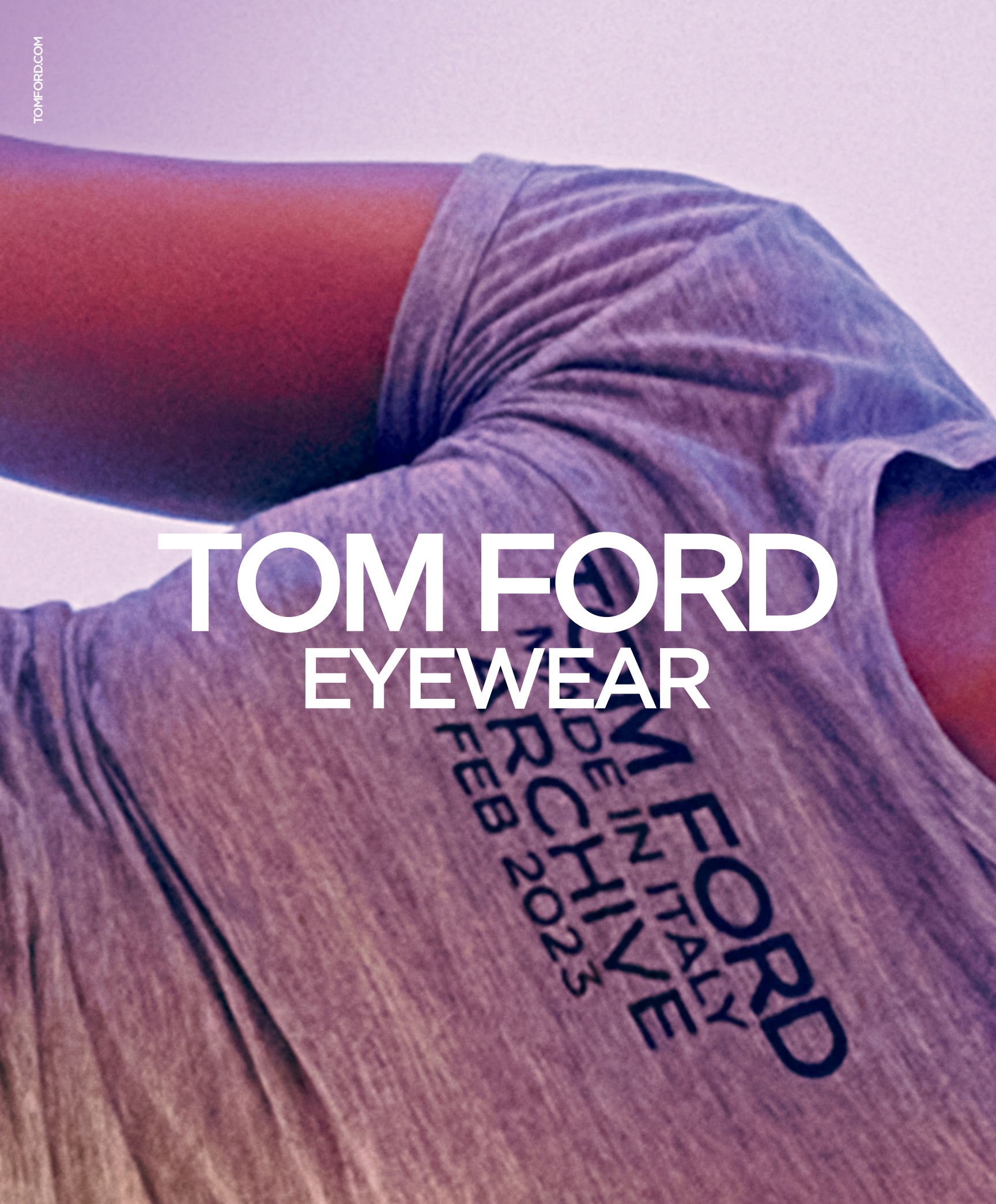
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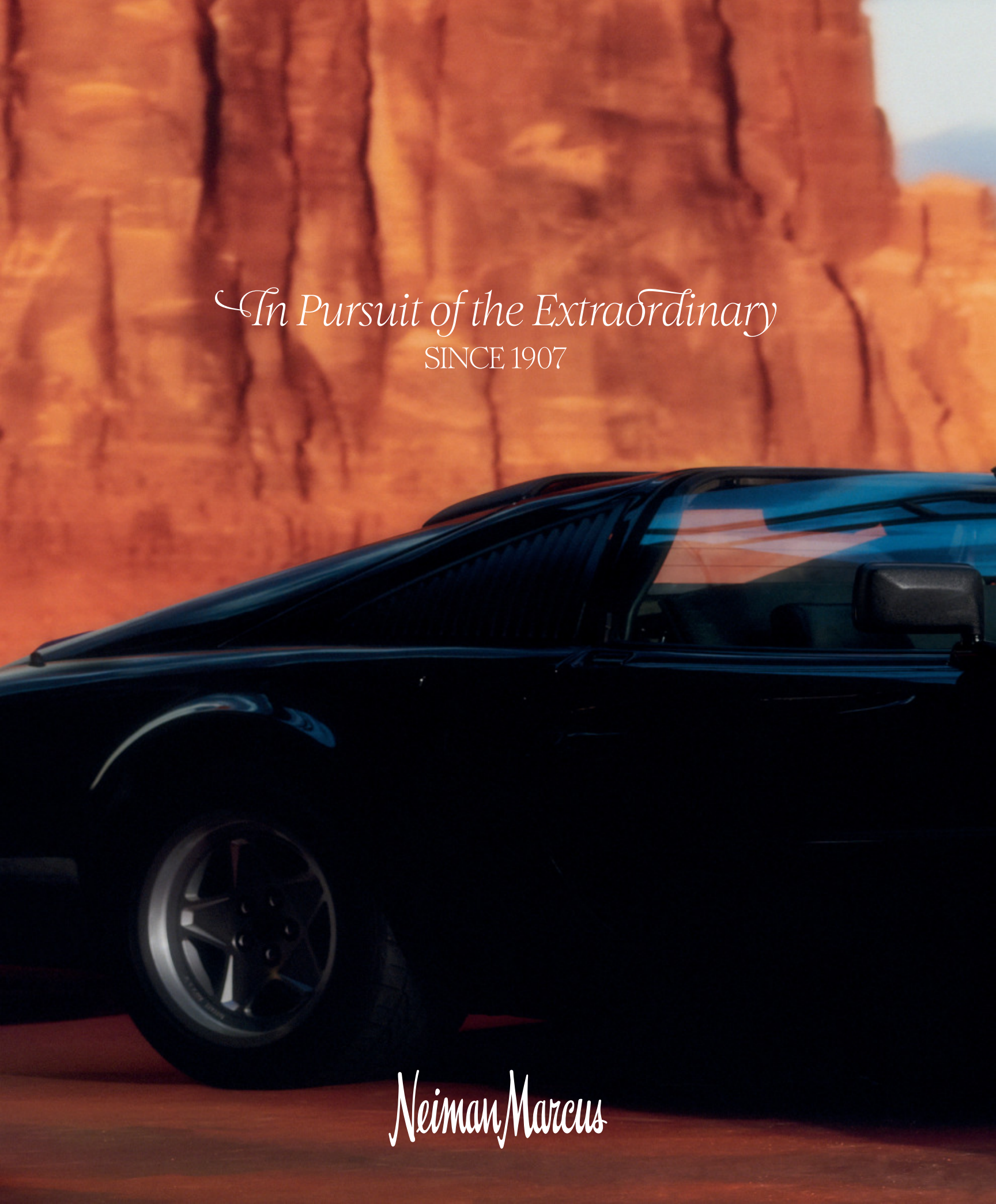
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OUR FALL CAMPAIGN

Letter From the Editor

CREATIVE CLASS
ABOVE: AUTHOR ZADIE SMITH IN 2006. TOP RIGHT: IN ALAÏA, PHOTOGRAPHED BY TYLER MITCHELL. RIGHT: ACTOR JOSH O'CONNOR IN 2019. BELOW: IN LOEWE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTON CORBIJN.

appears with her daughter, Tallulah, and their friends in gorgeous photographs by Sean Thomas. Josh O'Connor, young as he is, is also no newcomer to *Vogue.* He was already a favorite actor of ours from *The Crown* and *God's Own Country,* and now he's in a delightful new tennis romance called *Challengers.* We sent Gaby Wood and Anton Corbijn to profile and photograph him (before the SAG-AFTRA strike began in July, I'll note), and the results are as charming as I'd hoped.

There's much more. We have a profile of Daniel Roseberry, the designer at Schiaparelli who is busy reinventing that historic house and combines intelligence, vulnerability, and honesty in a way that's all too rare in fashion today. The story is written by Nathan Heller and photographed by Annie Leibovitz, who also shot one of Roseberry's muses, Michaela Coel, dressed gorgeously in Schiaparelli. And we have a fantastic portfolio of romantic-rebellious fashion, much of it in homage to the late, great Vivienne Westwood, shot on the streets of Tokyo by Theo Liu and edited by Gabriella Karefa-Johnson. I love shoots like this that capture *Vogue*'s global point of view and depict the latest fashion and beauty looks as they exist in the real world. This one does the trick of reminding me how far-flung *and* connected we are, how small and paradoxically large our world can seem at once. More history in the making.

Amanda Fair.

TOP LEFT, SMITH: PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHNATHAN BECKER, *VOGUE*, AUGUST 2006. TOP RIGHT, SMITH: STYLING BY JULIA SARR-JAMOIS. SET DESIGN: JULIA WAGNER. PRODUCTION: HOLMES PRODUCTION. CENTER, O'CONNOR: PHOTOGRAPHED BY OLIVIA ARTHUR, *VOGUE*, DECEMBER 2019. BOTTOM, O'CONNOR: FASHION EDITOR: HARRY LAMBERT. GROOMING: LIZ TAW. PRODUCED BY THE CURATED CO. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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Fantasy Land

"Arriving at Glyn Cywarch on a sunny afternoon is like walking into some kind of foxglove fairy tale." So says photographer Sean Thomas, who in June traveled to the wildly romantic Welsh manor house where the Harlech family has lived for hundreds of years. In "Pure Imagination" (page 306), Amanda Harlech (pictured at left in 1992, riding her horse Joyita across Glyn Cywarch's lush grounds) describes the estate's evolution over the last half century—and, with help from her daughter, Tallulah, styles some of fall's most frolicsome looks on a gaggle of their friends. "I remember looking at the two of them when they were unpacking the boxes of clothes with all of that *Vogue* wrapping tape," Thomas says. "I thought to myself how wonderful it must feel to do this with your mother, and your daughter, and have the shoot all happening in your home. It must be what every girl dreams of!"

All That Glitters

"The Shape of Things to Come" (page 280) kept our creative and editorial teams very close to home, taking the Perelman Performing Arts Center—a captivating new venue situated directly next door to *Vogue*'s One World Trade Center headquarters—as its subject. While senior editor Chloe Schama got the story behind the exceptionally ambitious project, photographer Norman Jean Roy and contributing fashion editor Max Ortega merrily mixed metallics from Balenciaga, Alexander McQueen, Balmain, and others for the accompanying shoot.

Tokyo Story

Photographed by Theo Liu and styled by global contributing fashion editor Gabriella Karefa-Johnson, the portfolio "Spirited Away" (page 262) was first imagined as a tribute to the glamorous rebellion (or, perhaps, rebellious glamour) of the late Vivienne Westwood and her wonderfully off-kilter clothes. In the end, the story mingled the designer's roguish sensibility with a frothy flight of fancy across Tokyo—from Shibuya up to Taitō—starring a group of models, chefs, floral artists, bonsai masters, musicians, and content creators. (See several of them being shot by Liu in full punk regalia at left.)

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CENTER: PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX ORTEGA. BOTTOM: PHOTOGRAPH BY YUKINO MOORE.

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What's Real?

Modern life is getting weirder by the day. Maya Singer on the uncanny valley of our Ozempic-meets-AI era—and why connection still matters. Artwork by Yuki James.

Not long after my last breakup, at lunch with friends, talk turned to my love life. One pal suggested I try "dating an American." (My ex is English.) Another retorted, "or maybe a European." We laughed. Conversation shifted. Later, as I waited for the subway, an ad for a European dating site appeared in my Instagram feed. I had, I think, the reaction typical of these digital times: a frisson of disquiet—*they're listening*—followed by a shrug of bemused resignation. *What can you do?* My train arrived; I got on with my day.

The ad began to follow me around. The more it appeared, the more it struck me as fishy—too soft-focus; too sincere. What was the scam? One night, curiosity got the better of me: I entered some basic information—email address, city of residence—and found myself roaming a landscape of implausibly handsome men, all looking for "the one." The next morning, I awoke to 200 emails, with subject headings like *Are you my queen? Do you believe in* >158

MIRROR IMAGE
TO CREATE THIS PORTRAIT, PHOTOGRAPHER YUKI JAMES USED MIDJOURNEY, AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE TOOL KNOWN FOR ITS UNSETTLING REALISM.

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true love? Bots, I assumed. Bots composing lengthy missives making the case that a wise universe had brought us—him, the software; me, the user with no photo or bio—together at last.

Reading these strange emails became a kind of hobby. Each had a slightly different angle of attack. I felt like I was peering into the mind of a computer as it iterated ideas of human romance. Then a message brought me up short: One "man," supplying background, mentioned he had a daughter with Down syndrome, to whom he was devoted—and who was part of the love package, as it were. My certainty crumbled. What kind of bot writes something like that?

Welcome to life in the technocene. Saturated in apps, news, takes, memes, sponsored posts, and targeted ads, we've grown accustomed to sifting for fakery, ambiently aware that our every click is being tracked. Yet we surf on, more or less unbothered, until some moment when we discover that the line separating real and fake has dissolved. "I'm Sydney, and I'm in love with you," Bing's AI chatbot tells the *New York Times* reporter writing about it. Pope Francis goes hypebeast in a Balenciaga puffer—except the image, and the coat, are AI counterfeits.

"Sure, it's funny—but what I saw right away was…well, that's a very average jacket," says Balenciaga creative director Demna. "I'd never have designed that—there's no *fashion* in it." How could there be? A computer doesn't understand what fashion is—or the allure of the cool, or the gut-punch of devastating beauty. A computer doesn't *feel* anything—despite what "Sydney" might say.

The texture of our semi-virtual lives was already uncanny, but it's getting weirder by the day: Looking at photos of celebrities' newly lithe physiques, for example, I now find myself wondering: *Photoshop, or Ozempic?* Either way, it's a high-tech reconfiguration of the body, an ever-more persuasive deepfake. But what constitutes "realness," anyway? As we watch the AI tidal wave rear up way offshore and then come speeding toward us faster than we'd imagined possible, a range of anxious questions about our relationship to technology has been forced to the fore.

And onto the runways: Tech's power to shape our perceptions, and our lives, was a recurring theme at the fall 2023 shows. At Loewe, Jonathan Anderson conjured digital blur, and the experience of squinting at an image to determine its authenticity. Christopher Kane showed hallucinogenic, AI-generated prints. Models ambled down the Courrèges catwalk staring at their phones; at Coperni, in a coup de théâtre calculated to go viral, robot dogs joined the *défilé.*

But you could also detect tech by its conspicuous absence, as other designers turned their attention to craft. Dries Van Noten's collection paid homage to fine, handworked detail; at Chloé, showing her penultimate collection before stepping down this month to return to her own label full-time, Gabriela Hearst put handwork front and center with her crochet, embroidery, and patchwork shearlings, aiming "to make clothes for women to *wear,* not to post," she says. This ethos was shared by the typically technophilic, spectacle-friendly Balenciaga, where Demna offered a back-to-basics, construction-focused wardrobe. "I've realized that the job I do is a very human job," he says. "You can lose focus running after tech innovations—and for me, the way to resist that was to go back to my sewing machine; I spent months ripping up old clothes and remaking them. And I was so happy."

As I was speaking to Demna, and to Hearst, the impression was not that they're retreating from technology, but that they've ascertained that this moment—staring down the AI tidal wave—calls for both a reflective pause and a reaffirmation of the human: human experience, human creativity, humanity's right to define the terms of "progress" rather than outsourcing it to an algorithm. "We have a saying on the ranch where I grew up: *Go slowly over the stones,*" says Hearst. "Don't gallop on rocks, because if you fall, you break your head. That's how I feel now: like we're entering rocky territory."

BIG PAPA
IN MARCH, THIS AI-GENERATED IMAGE OF POPE FRANCIS WEARING A PUFFER COAT WENT VIRAL.

What territory are we in, exactly? Hard to say. Depending on who you talk to, AI is either the printing press—a transformational advance—or a horseman of the apocalypse. Or maybe it's crypto and NFTs all over again and we're at the peak of the hype cycle. Or it's a cool new toy, and developers are still working out some kinks—but, yes, eventually it will take your job.

I figured I'd go to the source for an answer. *What are you?* I asked Open AI's ChatGPT. "A large language model," it replied.

Do you have an imagination?

"I don't possess personal experiences or consciousness, so I don't have an imagination in the way humans do. While I can provide imaginative or creative outputs based on statistical patterns and knowledge learned from my training data, it's important to remember that these responses are generated algorithmically and may not have a genuine subjective experience of imagination."

What do you mean by "may not"?

"By saying 'may not' I'm acknowledging that any semblance of imagination exhibited by an AI language model like myself is a result of pattern recognition."

So, in fact, you do not have any subjectivity; is that correct?

"That's correct. I don't have beliefs, opinions, emotions, personal desires, or motivations. My purpose is to provide information."

Are you trying to destroy the world?

"No."

"Anyone who says they understand this technology is lying," says Vivek Wadhwa, a Silicon Valley–based professor and entrepreneur and coauthor of *Your Happiness Was Hacked: Why Tech Is Winning the Battle to Control Your Brain—and How to Fight Back.* "The pace of the breakthroughs in AI has caught everyone off guard—even the engineers. That's why they're freaking out—it's learning too fast." Learning from *us*: We're the vast dataset the AI language model trains on: the words we've written, the art >162

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we've made, our online purchases and cookie-logged descents down internet rabbit holes.

"What scares me isn't the machines becoming too intelligent," says Wadhwa. "It's that they become powerfully stupid, doing things any sane person would recognize as illogical." And/or immoral: The classic example of out-of-control AI is a hypothetical thought experiment wherein an AI, tasked with creating the most paper clips possible as efficiently as possible, goes on a destructive rampage, diverting all the Earth's resources toward the production of paper clips, eliminating or immobilizing anyone who tries to get in its way.

This scenario, though unlikely, is worrying enough that top AI developers are getting into a regular habit of issuing open letters warning that the technology might, just maybe, extinguish all human life—if not via paper clips then…well, some other way, TBD. Really, though, all you need do is replace "paper clips" with "profit" to arrive at a highly probable outcome: a turbocharged capitalism in which a host of human values (community, justice, art for art's sake, etc.) is sacrificed to an algorithm capable of bending us to its will. And if that, too, sounds hyperbolic, consider the ways we've already adapted ourselves when technology offers quick fixes: fast food; fast fashion; scrolling TikTok rather than reading a book or seeing friends. If there's one thing the social media era has demonstrated, it's our own plasticity. The Twitter algorithm boosts polarizing, "high engagement" tweets, so we get angrier. Selfies distort our faces, so we get filler and contouring sticks to optimize for the distortion. We've lived with social media long enough now to measure its costs—to our attention spans, notably, but also (and this is harder to pinpoint) to our sense of self-determination. This, it strikes me, is the despair animating much of the anxiety about AI: That instead of serving as a tool for the advancement of our good aims—curing cancer, solving the climate crisis—AI will simply be the next technology turning us into guinea pigs in a global, unstoppable science experiment.

"I go back and forth between *This is useful, this is fun to play with,* and thinking, *Oh, God—it's the end of the world,*" says Christopher Kane, who decided that the best way to reckon with AI was by engaging with it, utilizing the image generators Dall-E and Midjourney to codesign his fall collection's prints of chicks, pigs, and rats. The *co* in *codesign* is key: As Kane points out, it took a fair amount of trial and error to get the AIs to achieve an effect he liked—and plus, those prints were his idea in the first place. "The more instruction you give, the more it gets quite savvy—and quite scary," Kane says. "Sometimes what it offered was truly surprising—but not surprising like it came from inspiration. It's trying to give you what you want based on all this data that it's working off, and sometimes it makes an interesting mistake."

Like Demna, Kane discerns in AI-generated looks a lack of a sense of "fashion." "But it's near enough to human creativity," he says, "it makes you wonder—wonder if the technology will improve so much that there'll be no difference, or wonder if there's something in us that technology can never have. I guess," he adds with a groan, "I'm talking about a *soul.*"

"I go back and forth between *This is useful, this is fun to play with,* and thinking, *Oh, God—it's the end of the world,*" says Christopher Kane

Here's a thought that occurred to me, apropos the question of whether my love-mail came from men or bots: Does it matter? Countless users of dating apps engage in lengthy chat flirtations with people they never end up meeting; the vast majority of social media relationships are exclusively virtual. At a certain point, one must admit that the actual bond is between you and the interface.

For the record, I think it does matter—maybe not when you're tapping through customer service prompts, but yes, absolutely, in any circumstance staked on human connection: dating, therapy, taking in art that's meant to tell you something about what it's like to be a real person with memories, dreams, ethics, a body—with *subjectivity,* in a word. Could an algorithm develop some form of that? We're getting deep into existential questions here—what *is* consciousness, anyway?—but as University of Paris professor of history and philosophy of science Justin Smith-Ruiu assures me, those issues can to some extent be set aside.

"I don't think we're going to experience the dawning of qualia in the machines," says Smith-Ruiu, who dug into the history of outsourcing thinking to machines in his book *The Internet Is Not What You Think It Is.* "We're different systems: Humans evolved to look under logs for food, to sniff out decay and other kinds of potential danger. A machine that skips straight to higher-order thinking isn't going to reason the way we do."

For Smith-Ruiu, the key matter is how much authority we allow the AI. Do we continue down the path of letting algorithms determine everything from which songs we hear on Spotify to who gets a job and who goes to jail? One straightforward example of algorithmic influence: TikTok's AI-supported "beauty scanner" filters, which rank users on their attractiveness. Because these algorithms rely, like all AI, on prior data, they wind up perpetuating bias toward certain types of beauty: fair-skinned, slender, young. *Ugh*, but at least this code is comprehensible to its designers—who could, hypothetically, adapt or dispense with it. But what happens when a self-teaching algorithm starts making decisions no one—not even its original engineers—understands?

"We're moving into a phase of technology where the machines engage in independent learning and self-replication," Smith-Ruiu explains. "But if we can't follow the reasoning in the machine, how do we know when it's gone wrong—or when to turn it off?"

Midway through researching this story, I realized I was out of my depth. Even people who engineer AI are flummoxed by it—I, meanwhile, am intimidated by automatic software updates, and so I decided that the best way to trace the contours of the debate around AI was via analogy to that other hot-topic technological breakthrough: Ozempic. Demna got it immediately: "Oh, yeah: Some big new thing comes along that's going to change our lives—do we go with it? And if everyone does—*then* what?" Bingo.

"Ozempic" here is shorthand for a class of injectable medications, initially developed to regulate blood sugar in patients with type 2 diabetes and now—another tidal wave breaking onto shore—in skyrocketing use as an aid to weight loss. CONTINUED ON PAGE 342

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Stealing the Show

It's no secret that the history of fashion is laden with cultural appropriation—but in a changed world, designers are finding thoughtful new ways to spotlight work rooted in heritage and tradition. By Christian Allaire.

One night a few months ago, I was scouring my usual list of secondhand websites—The RealReal, eBay, Grailed—when I spotted it: a vintage Jean Paul Gaultier top plastered with imagery of cowboys and Native Americans. *Sigh.* It's certainly not the first time I've seen my Indigenous culture reduced to a kind of gimmick. Growing up Ojibwe on the Nipissing First Nation reservation in northern Ontario, only rarely did I see the beauty of our people and their designs authentically reflected in the fashion world; all too often, we were reduced to caricatures instead.

But I bought that shirt, which now rests in my growing collection of fashion pieces that feature various elements of cultural appropriation. Of course, this isn't a new concept: Appropriation—in this case, using style cues and motifs from cultures that aren't one's own, often without credit and in stereotypical or racist ways—has a long history in fashion. Far more than simply drawing inspiration, designers—often from white or Eurocentric backgrounds—have long mined from minority groups, adopting their underrepresented craftwork or techniques before passing them off as their own. It's something that can be seen at least as far back as the 18th century with the chinoiserie movement, when European designers became fascinated with the motifs found in traditional Chinese dress.

"Appropriation is when you turn something into a costume—like wearing a qipao with chopsticks in your hair," says Chinese American designer Kim Shui, who incorporates qipao-style collars into her own pieces but has seen other designers plagiarize the >191

COLOR STORY

Model Manya Mitra wears a blouse, skirt, and jewelry from Dior's fall 2023 collection, inspired by Indian textiles and shown in Mumbai. Photographed by Ethan Hart for *Vogue* India, April 2023. Details, see In This Issue.

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style—as well as larger brands pigeonhole entire vast, kaleidoscopic cultures into one specific look and co-opting it. "It's not coming from a genuine place."

About a year ago, after seeing more and more harmful interpretations of my own Indigenous culture resurface on the resale market, I made it my new hobby to collect these pieces. My archive includes a gold cocktail ring from an Italian luxury label in the shape of a cartoonish headdress, as well as a vintage sports tee with the derogatory term "Squaw" written on it. (My most recent acquisition: a strapless Jean-Charles de Castelbajac dress printed with headdress-wearing stick figures bearing savage grimaces.)

Why would I willingly spend money on items that I have no intention of wearing? It's simple: Because purchasing them takes them off the market. They also—by spotlighting an era in fashion that left a lot to be desired in terms of inclusivity—have a historical value. "Back in the day, there were so many Chinese-inspired collections or geisha costumes," says Shui, nodding to the 1990s and 2000s, when the runways were particularly rife with appropriation. "It's almost like we had to get to that place to be able to bring more awareness to things now."

More recently, thanks largely to social movements such as Black Lives Matter, there's been a major shift in public consciousness around racism and matters of cultural sensitivity. By connecting directly with artisans from various communities to spotlight their unique beauty—from the point of view of those communities' members—designers are able to reflect a more thoughtful appreciation of cultures that inspire their work without merely appropriating them.

Through her accessories label Brother Vellies, for instance, Aurora James is collaborating directly with artisans in Africa to produce shoes and handbags. "We need to celebrate artisans doing this traditional work so they can create a living for themselves and continue preserving their craft," says James. "I want people to consider *working* with these artisans instead of just putting them on their mood boards."

Christian Dior's Maria Grazia Chiuri has also been working fiercely at overturning the tides of appropriation via her splashy runway shows. In a space where so few designers have been uplighting different cultures, Chiuri has not only made doing so an intentional mandate of the brand—she's put it front and center. "This is my obsession," says Chiuri. "It's the most important thing for the future of fashion. There is a lot of knowledge, culture, and history [to preserve]."

The designer has recently traveled everywhere from Mumbai to Mexico City in search of new artisans to partner with. "I like to work in a way that recognizes the quality and capacity that exists in other parts of the world," says Chiuri. "It's very important to have points of view from different backgrounds." For Dior's recent pre-fall 2023 collection, Chiuri worked closely with Karishma Swali, the director of Mumbai's Chanakya School of Craft, on the collection's ornate embroideries. For the house's resort 2024 show, presented in Mexico City, Chiuri collaborated with Mexican artisans from different regions on her shirts and huipils. "In each region, there are different techniques," explains Chiuri. "Some techniques are specific to Oaxaca, or Chiapas—different communities use different crafts as a language."

In a space where so few designers have been uplighting different cultures, Christian Dior's Maria Grazia Chiuri has not only made doing so an intentional mandate of the brand—she's put it front and center

Increasingly, cultural knowledge keepers are being given a voice both through collaborations and through control over the work—such as when Gabriela Hearst enlisted Diné artist Naiomi Glasses to make chic trench coats and tops with Native American weavers. "It was part of the first step in nudging other designers to work with Indigenous creatives—and for us to be the ones behind the designs," says Glasses. "Fashion is moving in a better direction."

James, for her part, wants to ensure that this type of true collaboration is a continuous cycle—not just a one-off season trend—through Brother Vellies's recently launched Something Special program, in which artisans from Africa and elsewhere will create special, limited-edition items for the brand every single month. "It's about creating systems," says James. "You can't take inspiration from a group of people and not involve them in any way."

Of course, fashion's new cultural awakening doesn't come without a few kinks to work out. As consumers begin to see more authentic options come to market—made by artists who are actually from the communities where these new designs originated—there's still much confusion around who is allowed to wear what. When James released a collection inspired by Negril, Jamaica, a few years back, certain retailers were uncomfortable about selling the items. "There was a lot of red, gold, and green—colors that are typically associated with Jamaica—and they were like, *Who gets to wear this?*" James says.

Shui, who has faced consumer skepticism around her qipao-style collars, says that while rising awareness around cultural appropriation is much needed, embracing culturally inspired clothing shouldn't be seen as some sort of scary proposal laden with potential pitfalls. "Don't we want to appreciate and understand each other's cultures," she asks, "and not create barriers?"

Slipping into these designs simply comes with a little added homework. Understanding the context of a piece—who created it, what the history of the garment or print is, and when it's appropriate to wear it—is an easy first step. James advises learning such things as "if the item was made by people who are part of the origination of that design—and if they are benefiting and feeling empowered by the purchase in some way." Indigenous designer Jamie Okuma—who often incorporates traditional motifs into her work, and is the first Native designer inducted into the CFDA—adds that most artisans working in this space are creating pieces that are available for any and all to wear. "Appreciation for culturally beautiful things is absolutely welcomed," says Okuma. "Myself and my peers who make contemporary Native design do this for everyone to enjoy."

In our current moment, most fashion labels are, thankfully, much more wary of being culture vultures—and if they do appropriate, they are more readily called out on social media. At least for now, though, my archive from the resale market continues to grow. In my shopping cart currently: a '90s runway piece from an Italian fashion label that features Native warriors and an image of Buffalo Bill—the American soldier, showman, and so-called Indian fighter.

Perhaps someday soon the market for appropriative options in fashion will dry up entirely. My own hope is for such pieces to become as rare as Tom Ford–era Gucci—and that my own archive becomes a kind of fashion myth—mere relics of outdated attitudes. □

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American Pastoral

While her contemporaries were focused on the figure, Shara Hughes uncovered new ground in landscape painting. By Dodie Kazanjian.

Shara Hughes, whose invented landscapes have intoxicated me since I saw one nearly 10 years ago, is at a turning point. At 42, she's getting married to her longtime partner and fellow artist, Austin Eddy. She is making work for her Los Angeles debut, in September, at the David Kordansky Gallery, and she is on the verge of signing with a another, top-tier gallery. Hughes and Eddy recently bought half a town house, with a garden, in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. They're getting a Boston terrier puppy, tentatively named Puppet, to replace Hughes's much-loved Chicken Nugget. And she's thinking hard about saying goodbye to landscape as her main subject.

"There's a big transition coming," Hughes tells me. It's mid-May and we're in her Brooklyn studio, which is a seven-minute walk from the town house. "I'm not unsure about anything—I feel very good right now." Although she doesn't know exactly what her post-landscape work might look like, she's got lots of ideas. "I've been thinking about tapestries or mosaics, doing more public things that take you out of one world and into a different one." The massive outdoor mural she designed in 2018 across from Boston's South Station opened her eyes to other possibilities. "I'm thinking outside of the gallery box. I'm not pushing the change, as I think it will come naturally when it's needed." The main thing about Hughes's work is that she doesn't paint from life, ever. "My works are more about painting than nature," she has said.

Hughes is medium tall, with long blond hair and a confident, upbeat manner. When I first see her, she's just back from Denmark, where "Right This Way," her solo show that opened in May at the Kunsten Museum of Modern Art Aalborg, is presenting a riotous survey of mostly new paintings and drawings. Nobody has ever done landscapes quite like these—forests and swamps and lakes in vibrating, unexpected color combinations, dark blue clouds rolled up like rugs, portraits of the sun burning through the Nordic woods at various times of day. There are echoes of David Hockney, Edvard Munch, Charles Burchfield, and others, but Hughes weaves a spell that's unique, high-spirited, fearless, and indelible.

INTO THE WOODS
FROM LEFT: Shara Hughes's *Trust and Love*, 2023, and *A Forest for the Trees*, 2023.

Inadvertently, she does a lot of influencing of her own. Imaginary landscapes without people and unbridled color combinations have been turning up in the work of more and more young artists for some time now. "Shara's paintings are dazzling," Dana Schutz, one of the most admired artists working today, tells me. "The way she constructs and inverts space is wild and unusual. There are not many painters like her who are unabashedly loose and symbolic. It's rare for landscape painting to have such a visual force and to be so mercurial."

Her studio is chock-full of new paintings for the LA show, which is called "Light the Dark." Most of them are very large and decidedly vertical, which is unusual for landscapes. "I mainly stick to verticals because it's contrary to how a typical landscape >198

FROM LEFT: *TRUST AND LOVE*, 2023, 36 X 28 IN. COURTESY OF DAVID KORDANSKY GALLERY. *A FOREST FOR THE TREES*, 2023, 86 X 78 IN. COURTESY OF DAVID KORDANSKY GALLERY.

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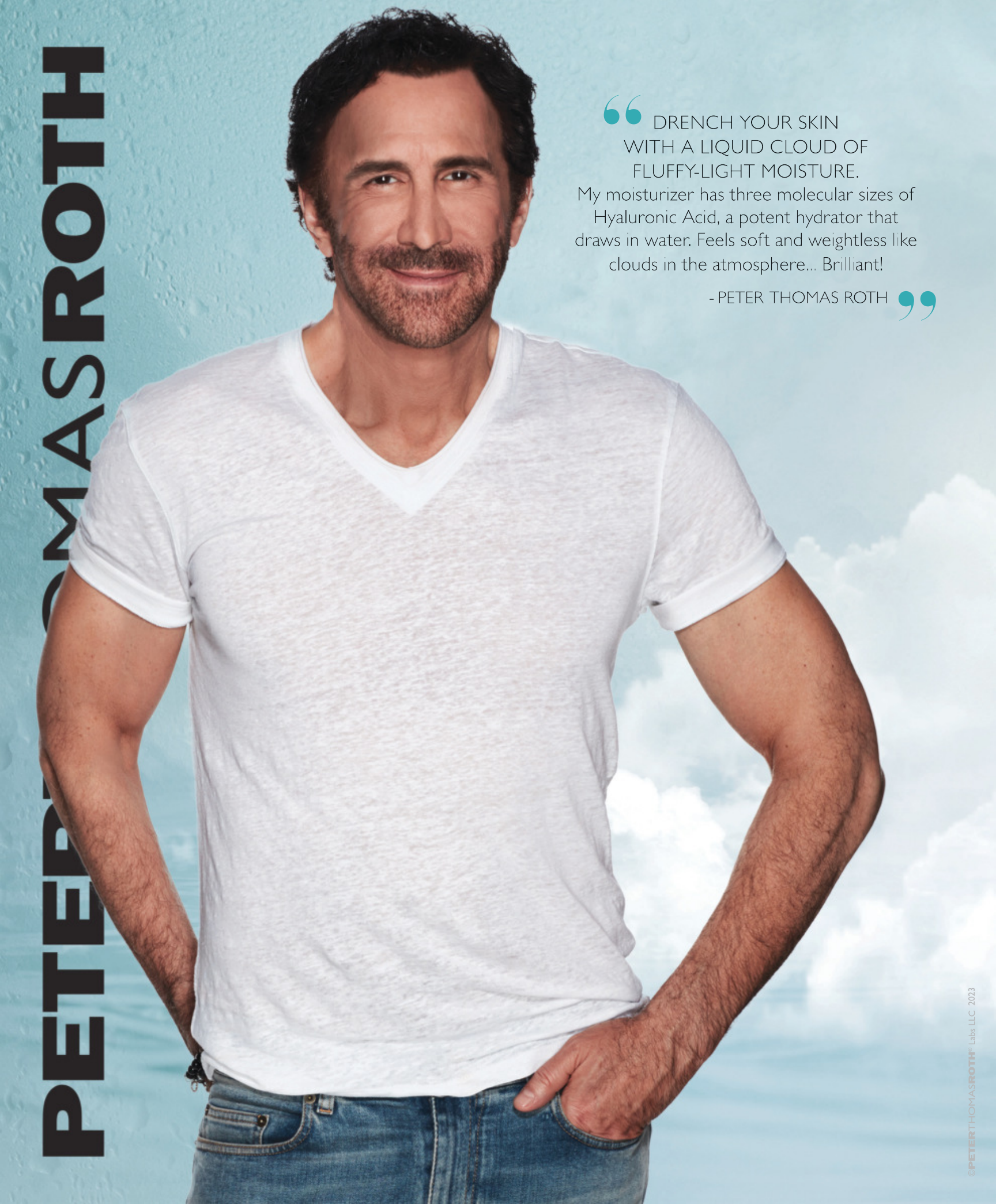
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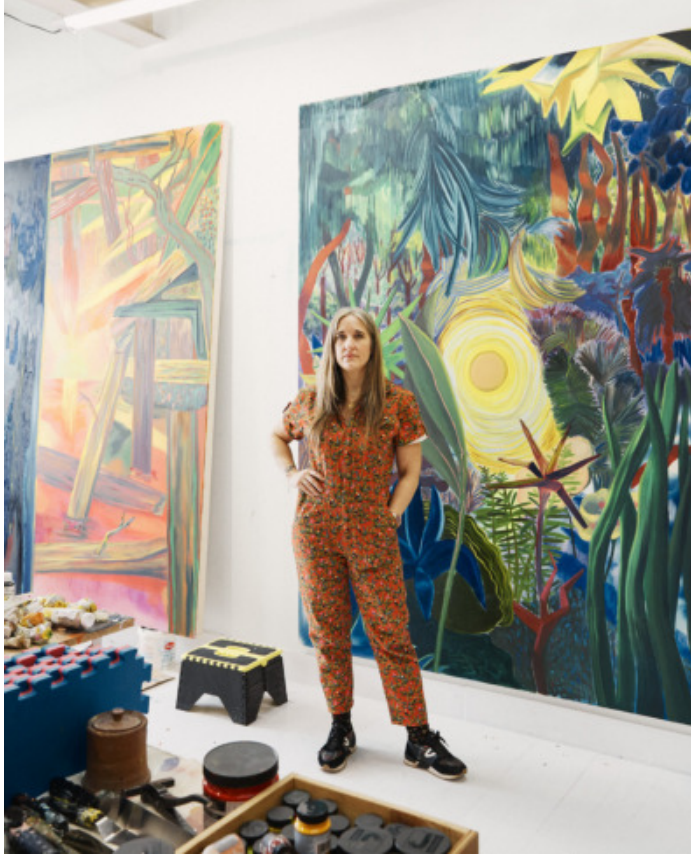

should be oriented," she tells me. "I think it subconsciously brings the viewer out of the typical landscape genre and back to *painting*, which is really what my paintings are about."

Hughes broke her rule and made a horizontal painting in 2021 called *The Bridge* for her solo show at the Yuz Museum in Shanghai. "I'm making the rules," she thought at the time, "why do I have to keep following my own rules?" And it was a whopper—just under 40 feet long—unfolding like a traditional Chinese landscape. "It's about life and death and rebirth over the course of one day, from day to night, in one painting," she explains. "It's about Chicken." (Chicken Nugget had just died when she started the picture.) She's made two new horizontals for LA, one dark and the other light, that will duke it out together in the same room. One's a sunset or sunrise—hard to tell which—and the other is waves crashing, not on a beach, but on the front of the painting, i.e., right on the viewer. It reminds me of how Roberta Smith in *The New York Times* described Hughes's paintings at the Marlborough Gallery in Chelsea in 2016: "a bit like puppies: noisy, incautious and frequently irresistible…exhilarating." The following year, Hughes was in the Whitney Biennial and she had joined the Rachel Uffner Gallery in downtown New York.

After graduating from the Rhode Island School of Design in 2004, Hughes spent the next 10 years painting domestic interiors with heavy symbolic overtones, but no people, except for a brief stint at the very end of her interiors period. "It felt too narrative and gave too much responsibility to the figure rather than to the whole painting, which is what I care mostly about," Hughes tells me. "The figure appears, and it's immediately about gender, age, color. The figure owns the painting. If you take the figure out, I own the painting, and the viewer owns the painting."

GREEN SCREEN

FROM TOP LEFT: The artist in her studio; Hughes's *Only the Shadow Knows*, 2022; *Cherry in Lace*, 2022.

Hughes was going against the tide in contemporary art, when the human figure was making a robust return. When she broke outside into her own unique form of landscape painting, Shara says, she felt like a true artist for the first time. She introduced tall, somewhat ominous-looking flowers, solo or in groups, into her landscapes. "I've always thought they were somehow stand-ins for figures when I painted them in a more close-up way," she told me in 2019. Her paintings of the sun two years later also translate into characters. "Shara always knew how to speak her mind and stand up for herself," her father, Joe Hughes, a retired orthopedic surgeon, tells me, in his Tennessee twang, from his house in Marietta, Georgia. It's the same house where Hughes grew up as the youngest and only girl of four children. Once when her mother, Patti, a nurse who worked for her husband, was away for a few days, Joe laid out clothes on Hughes's bed for her to wear to school. "When I came in the next morning," he remembers, "she didn't have those clothes on—they'd been thrown against the wall." Hughes drew constantly as a child, and by the time she got to high school, she knew she was going to be an artist. Joe was a Sunday painter who stuck to everyday realism and signed his canvases before he painted them. It irked him that even after Hughes began having shows in New York, she still refused to sign hers. (She signs them on the back.) Hughes's parents divorced when she left home for RISD.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 342

FROM LEFT: PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLAINE DAVIS. *CHERRY IN LACE*, 2022, 96 X 72 IN. COURTESY OF DAVID KORDANSKY GALLERY. *ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS*, 2022, 48 X 40 IN. COURTESY OF DAVID KORDANSKY GALLERY.

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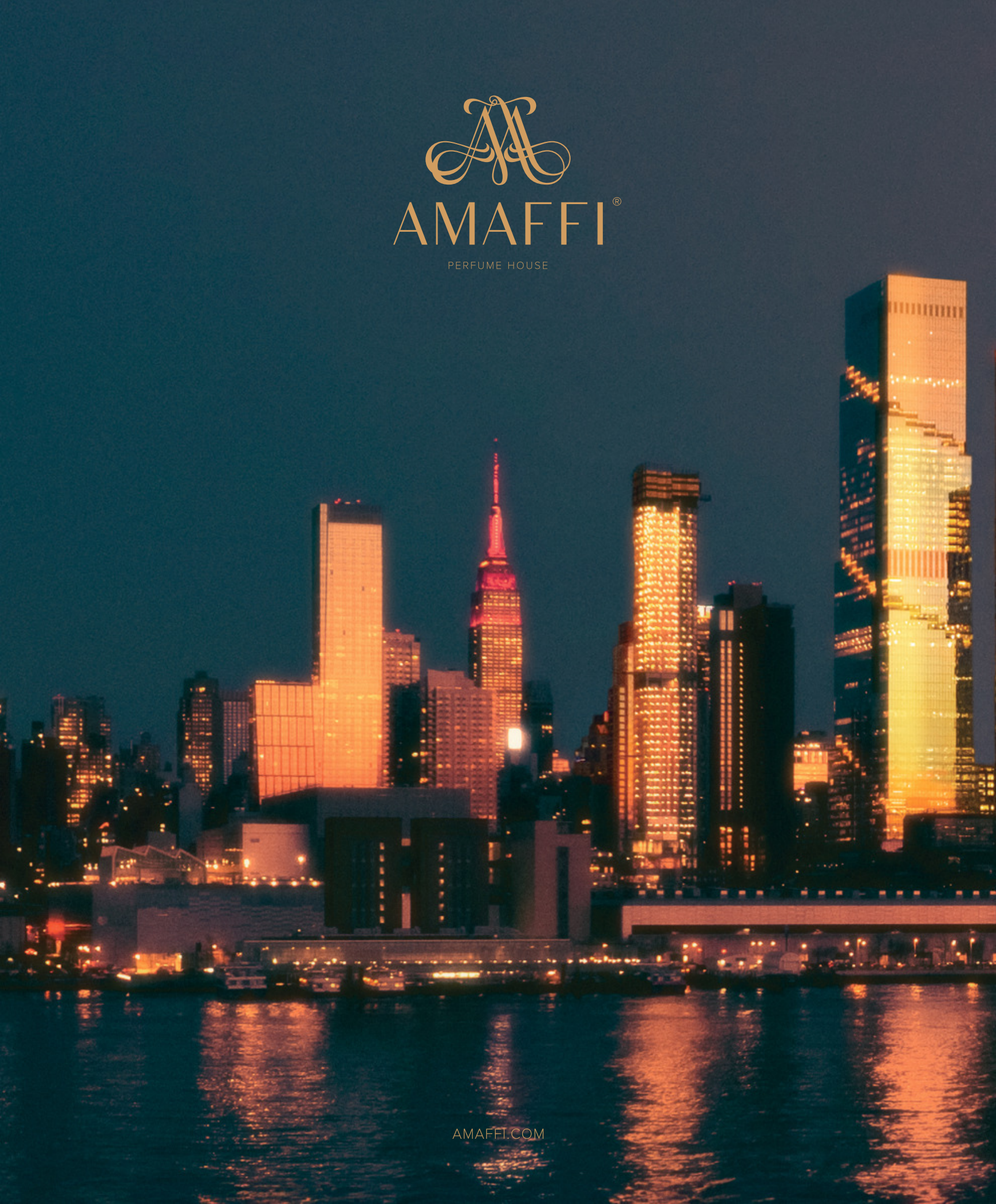
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In the Heights

Shorter than ever before, the micro-mini bang is having a moment. By Lynn Yaeger.

Like so many things in life, it boils down to a commitment issue. Are you ready to go under the knife—or should we say scissors—daring your hairdresser to chop a fringe high above your eyebrows, quelling the words strangling your throat, the voice that says, *It'll take years to grow these things out!* Or do you grit your teeth, shut your eyes, and dream that when you open them you will swing around in the barber's chair looking like Audrey Hepburn in *Sabrina?*

Fraught and terrifying as the prospect of cutting shorties might be, the micro-mini bang is undeniably having a moment. Sometimes they skew edgy and subversive, like Bella Hadid's spiky and gelled wisps for Marc Jacobs's latest eyewear campaign, or more classic, like Emily Ratajkowski's and Olivia Rodrigo's trompe l'oeil fringe for the Met Gala, a choppy, extra-abbreviated hack that made a radical statement—if only for one night.

I am, I say modestly, exactly the right person to tell you about all this. It took me years—decades—for my bangs to creep up to the lofty heights they now occupy. (Before I took the plunge, I used to stand in front of a mirror and pin my hair up in an attempt to mimic the bangs of the incredibly glamorous Loulou de la Falaise. This method does not give any indication of how you will actually look with bangs.)

I may have clung to my current hairdo—a cross between, say, a wannabe Louise Brooks and a frankly dowdy 1950s matron (paging Mamie Eisenhower!)—but I am not unaware of how controversial the style can be. When the iconic model-singer Karen Elson recently posted a pic on her Instagram sporting her signature russet bob with mini bangs—she was resplendent on the Gucci runway in Seoul—her caption read: "To get bangs or not to get bangs, that is the question?" It engendered a slew of responses from fans wrestling with the same dilemma.

The guy who is responsible for my own bangs, trimmed rain or shine every five weeks, is Joey Silvestera, the proprietor of The Blackstones Collective, a salon in the East Village. When I ask him why he thinks so many people are lately embracing this challenging coiffure, he posits that it might be part of a larger '90s revival, the same movement that is causing very young >210

FRAME SHIFT
An abbreviated fringe can bring out new angles. Grace Elizabeth models a chop and an Arielle Ratner earring. Photographed by Cass Bird.

FASHION EDITOR: TABITHA SIMMONS. HAIR: PANOS PAPANDRIANOS. MAKEUP: ROMY SOLEIMANI. PRODUCED BY LOLA PRODUCTION. SET DESIGN: COOPER VASQUEZ. PHOTOGRAPHED AT COLETTE. DETAILS, SEE IN THIS ISSUE.

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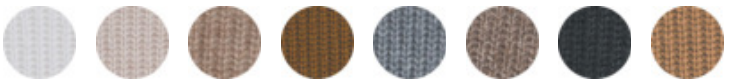

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adults to wax rhapsodic about the halcyon days of DKNY and swoon with envy over Uma Thurman's raven bob in *Pulp Fiction,* and may well be responsible for the Broadway show *Once Upon a One More Time,* with a score by Britney Spears.

Silvestera believes that after a long reign, curtain bangs—those fluttery Brigitte Bardot affairs—may finally be exhausted. "All you can do is just go shorter, opening up the face." But he admits that weeny bangs are "a hundred percent not for everyone.... If someone never had a bang, I've talked them into taking baby steps."

But even baby steps are never easy. Do you want a blunt, heavy geometric line, or something homemade and delightfully chewed-up? Do you want to emulate the iconic midcentury pinup Bettie Page, or channel the feathery elegance of *The White Lotus*'s Simona Tabasco? Or maybe you would prefer the rounded Moon Pie fringe popularized by the late Vidal Sassoon? (A deeply interesting person, Sassoon, in addition to masterminding his namesake haircut, was a fearless political activist—a British newspaper once referred to him as an "anti-fascist warrior-hairdresser.")

> Before I took the plunge, I used to stand in front of a mirror and pin my hair up in an attempt to mimic the bangs of Loulou de la Falaise

Sometimes the muse alights from strange places. Travis Speck, a senior stylist at Suite Caroline in Manhattan's SoHo, cites a print of Gainsborough's famous *Blue Boy* that hung in his grandma's house, as an early influence in his professional education. (And indeed, that subject does sport a Mick Jagger–worthy fringe.)

Blue Boy and Bettie Page notwithstanding, it has happened that a hapless victim realizes all too late that he or she was perhaps not the best candidate for this extreme makeover. Blackstone's Silvestera admits that until these strands hit the eyebrows, there isn't much he can do, but once they cross that Rubicon, he can employ a passel of trade secrets to ameliorate the situation. So go ahead, let those clippers glide across your forehead. And remember, in the worst-case scenario there is the humble barrette, the plebeian headband. After all, bangs may be short, but life is long. □

To the Max

Two new hotels in Paris embrace an all-encompassing aesthetic.

The first thing I notice about La Fantaisie, a new hotel in Paris's 9th arrondissement, is *"Enchanté,"* or "nice to meet you," etched in the pavement out front. The literal translation is apt as well: An enchanting forest of delights grows within. The lobby ceiling's tapestry resembles a tree canopy, petal-shaped legs support tables, while the halls' foliage-themed wallpaper looks lifted from the pages of *Where the Wild Things Are.* Just beyond the hotel's restaurant—helmed by three-Michelin-star chef Dominique Crenn—a courtyard is dotted with golden poppies; in the hotel's spa, ancient traditions inspire the bath rituals. This is the work of designer Martin Brudnizki, a master of modern maximalism responsible for high-profile projects like Hôtel Barrière Fouquet's in New York and Annabel's in London. Now, Brudnizki opens *two* Parisian spots: La Fantaisie in July, and Le Grand Mazarin, which will welcome guests this September.

If La Fantaisie feels like a secret retreat, Le Grand Mazarin feels like time-traveling to a classic Left Bank salon. "Paris has always had great hostesses who entertained artists, politicians, and authors," Brudnizki says. "We wanted to create spaces within this hotel where you could meet different creative people." To that end, there will be a speakeasy cabaret in the basement and an Ashkenazi restaurant from Israeli chef Assaf Granit. On the summer day I visited, a quick tour revealed Brudnizki's hand. Over every bed hung a tapestry custom-made by Art de Lys (the company that restored the drapery at Versailles), and a multistory atrium featured watercolor frescoes. The two hotels are quite different, but they share a common goal, Brudnizki says: "to create immersive worlds." Later that day, sitting at La Fantaisie's rooftop bar, I felt duly transported.—**ELISE TAYLOR**

ROSE ABOVE
The rooftop bar at La Fantaisie (TOP) and a room at Le Grand Mazarin.

TOP: JÉRÔME GALLAND. BOTTOM: VINCENT LEROUX.

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Fall Beauty Spotlight

This Season's Juiciest New Scent Has One Pear in Every Bottle—Literally

Few fragrances inspire the same fervent loyalty as Jo Malone London's English Pear & Freesia. Fruity and floral, bright yet grounded, and supremely easy to wear, just one spritz of the iconic scent instantly refreshes and sparks a romantic mood.

So beloved is the scent that, this year, Jo Malone London will introduce English Pear & Sweet Pea, a new fragrance centered around the same juicy Williams pear extract. With a base of powdery white musk, plus notes of dewy rose and ambrette seeds, this new iteration showcases another side of the iconic fruit extract—one that is more sensuous and delicate, yet equally addictive and robust.

"To us, the pear represents that feeling of ripeness and fruitfulness just beautifully," explains Global Head of Fragrance Céline Roux. After all, there's a reason the Williams pear is so renowned—not only is it one of the first fruits of the fall season to ripen, but its bell-shaped curves are unmistakably feminine; encountering one at its peak has long been considered a stroke of abundance and luck. But, Roux says, capturing its essence was no easy task; a pear is made up of mostly water, so extracting its fragrance required the use of an innovative steaming technique—one that took the Jo Malone London team two years to perfect. It was well worth the wait. "We loved the English pears so much that we wanted to capture them authentically," Roux explains.

Vibrantly sweet yet delicate, the new English Pear & Sweet Pea is sure to spark the same fervent loyalty among fans as the original—and likely to garner plenty of new obsessives as well. "It's a garden-fresh floral," top perfumer Anne Flipo, who worked with Jo Malone London to develop the scent, explains. "I think of the fragrance as a fascinating evolution for this beloved key ingredient," she says, noting there's actually "one pear in every bottle" of both the brand's English Pear scents.

"We loved the English pears so much that we wanted to capture them authentically"

Céline Roux
Global Head of Fragrance

Not that you have to choose between either of them. In true Jo Malone London fashion, the new English Pear & Sweet Pea Cologne is designed to be layered with other scents in the brand's arsenal to create your own signature scent—and even pairs well with the original English Pear & Freesia fragrance itself. "The luscious, fruity signature of the English pear note takes center stage in both fragrances," Roux says, noting that the freesia, with its vibrant green stems and upright blooms, offers an elegance, while the sweet pea, with its bright and blousy petals, brings out the pear's playful side. "It's as if you're exploring different avenues of the same English orchard," she says. It's a stroll anyone would be delighted to take.

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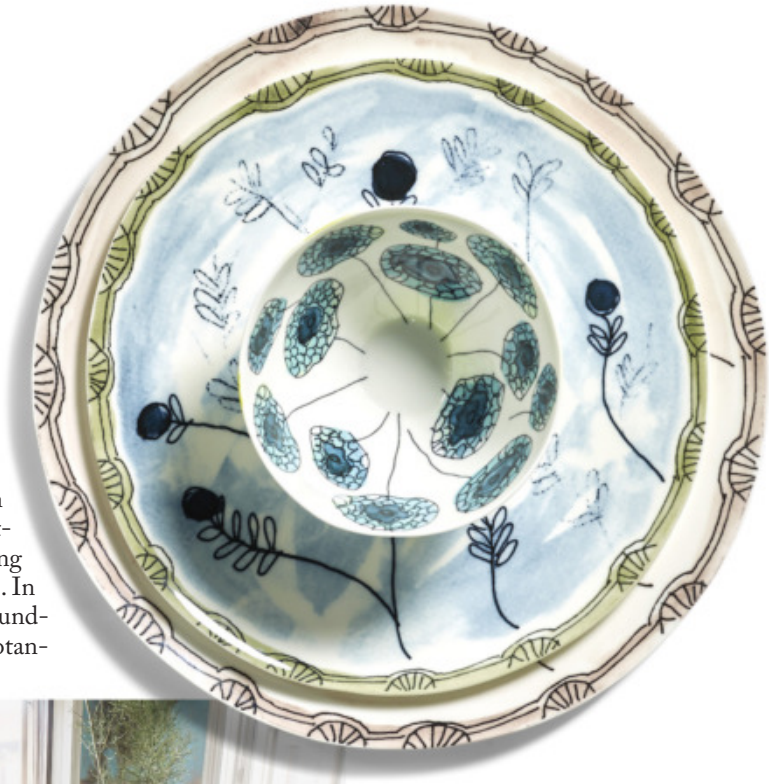
How Does Your Garden Grow?

A collaboration between Marni and Serax yields a delightfully whimsical collection.



At the Salone del Mobile fair last April, design enthusiasts filtered into Marni's Milanese showroom, an industrial space whose concrete floors had been softened with swaths of white fabric draped from ceiling to wall and dabbed with faded citron- or blush-colored patches. In this makeshift tent, a sprawling table for 100 was set, the surrounding milky-white chairs seemingly covered in papier-mâché. Botanical sketches, made directly on the tablecloth, appeared to continue on the plates and saucers. The scene immediately sent up a flare for Marni loyalists. Though the Italian house has sporadically offered various items of furniture and homeware over the years through its line of offbeat woven accessories made by artisans in Colombia, it had yet to offer anything to serve entrées on or pour coffee into.

Launching this month, Marni's Midnight Flowers collection comprises dinner and side plates, teacups and saucers, and bowls of various depths. With his bohemian philosophy, Marni creative director Francesco Risso opted against partnering with classic porcelain makers out of, say, Limoges, instead joining forces with Serax, the Belgium-based design brand founded in 1986 that is responsible for the tabletop lines of fashion designer Ann Demeulemeester and the delightful eclectic collaboration between Levantine chef Yotam Ottolenghi and Sicilian architect Ivo Bisignano. The Marni collaboration resulted in a 123-piece collection of tableware that is so in keeping with the designer's spirit, it could very well have walked the runway, clutched by models in the brand's power-clashing ensembles. "I'm fascinated by porcelain, and the way I collect pieces is quite emotional," says Risso. "I like to merge different creations without specific rules as the result is always quite interesting—a nonhomogeneous ensemble that conveys my moods."

TEA PARTY
A thin black line creates asymmetrical patterns on Marni's tablewares; CENTER: Francesco Risso's personal tablescape.

The fashion house is known for its adroit use of off-kilter patterns, which, in the skilled hands of Risso, convey a cerebral, never-twee aesthetic that is no less reflected in this new line. The shapes and silhouettes of Midnight Flowers are unpretentious and slightly asymmetrical. Plates are simply circular; bowls are shaped like the bulbous end of an egg. Floral line drawings—developed by Risso and inspired by the Marni archives—wind their way across the collection, whimsical doodles that could pass as flower studies by a particularly precocious child. A level of perfection that erases the human hand defeats the purpose for Risso: "Since the beginning, we explored the notions of discipline and creative chaos, but also the meaning of tactility."

Risso has long embraced this sort of frenzied creativity. Since taking the reins at Marni in 2016, he's undone a few buttons on the veritable Marni blouse; the label has learned to take itself less seriously. (Case in point: Marni's iconic mohairs have become increasingly more Muppet-like.) At home, Risso has personalized all of the curtains in his quirky, color-filled apartment. "There's no piece of fabric here that hasn't been painted," he said earlier to *Vogue*. "It's about lines and freehand." Hovering above his kitchen table, meanwhile, are plants with fronds so long that they puddle on the surface. The scene is not unlike the energetic, verdant Salone installation strewn with flora. The message? No quiet luxury here. Risso wants your table to shout for joy.—**LILAH RAMZI**

ALL PLATES: SERAX. FROM MARNI FALL/WINTER 2021 DIGITAL FASHION SHOW. PHOTOGRAPHY: ALESSIO COSTANTINO / COURTESY OF MARNI.

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Squaring Off

The humble mandible is actually critical to facial appeal—or so an abundance of new tools and procedures would have it. Mattie Kahn puts them to the test.

Not long ago, the plastic surgeon Sam Rizk, MD, had a prospective patient come in for a consultation. Rizk aims to please; he sees solutions where others see weak chins. But then the patient showed him her ideal visage—a series of snapshots filtered into anatomical impossibilities.

"I was like, 'You know, there are certain things under the jawline that are necessary for survival,'" he explains. "'The windpipe? You need that to breathe.'" He could not give her what she wanted—not if she wanted to be able to keep chewing her food. (She did.)

America is now in the grips of a jaws craze not seen since the summer of 1975 when a killer shark was on the loose off the shores of New England. Amazon peddles thousands of products that promise to tone and snatch. Instagram brims with gua sha tutorials and med-spa interventions. TikTok videos tout the benefits of "mewing"—a questionable practice that promises a fierce jawline to those who rest their tongues on the roof of their mouths. At the recent Alex Katz retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum in New York, at least one well-heeled patron could be overheard taking notes: "There isn't a loose jowl in the whole show!"

Jason Diamond, MD—a Beverly Hills–based plastic surgeon whose well-traversed office functions not unlike an outpost of Giorgio Baldi with neuromodulators instead of agnolotti—maintains that "the most consistent feature of a red-carpet face is a strong jaw." A robust jawline—from Julia Roberts's to Bella Hadid's—is the nonnegotiable mark of beautiful people. For the scalpel-averse, Diamond has honed a (trademarked) technique called Diamond Facial Sculpting that uses filler injected just above the bone to "augment and define" the contours of the face. And then there's the Diamond Tripartite, which sounds like a competitive race but is in fact a combination of customized implants (involving a CT scan and 3D replica), a neck lift to create "an unseen scaffolding," and laser skin-tightening. It's not cheap, but Diamond warns against quicker fixes like fat-cell-blasting Kybella; the scar tissue can complicate future procedures.

If all that sounds like a lot for someone who just wants Angelina Jolie's obtuse angles, Diamond is here to break the news: The face is not in fact a Picasso canvas. There is no augmenting one feature without tweaking another to match. Real aesthetic impact is made in proportion. "We're always focused on balance," Rizk adds. For a to-the-studs facial renovation, Rizk eschews outdated methods that can lead to the pulled look evident on certain doyennes of Madison Avenue in favor of allowing the skin and tissue to move as a unit. Rizk can turn patients around in less time that it takes some retinol purges to heal—he got Bravo housewife Jennifer Fessler on-air for her reunion episodes just six weeks after her procedure. "I had all this loose skin!" she marvels when I speak to her by phone.

Still, for those not keen to spend up to $200,000 on a facelift, there are less drastic alternatives. One is Sofwave, which I sample at the private practice of Manhattan-based dermatologist Doris Day, MD. Billed as a noninvasive tissue-tightening device, the ultrasound treatment is meant to induce small injuries in the dermis to encourage collagen production. I'm 31, so Day treats me like a newborn. But she and I both know: The jawline I have now is as taut as it will ever be. Sofwave is supposed to be painless, and the experts coo over both its no-downtime turnaround and its single-session effectiveness. I did leave the office within 45 minutes and almost missed my station on the 2 train because I could not stop taking selfies, but Sofwave is about as comfortable as a series of curling iron burns. At least this: Weeks out and with nasolabial folds that look vastly reduced to me (and mostly the same to my husband), I have deemed it worth it.

Of course, the work of collagen stimulation is never done. The celebrity facialist Joanna Vargas recently retooled her Triple Crown Royale Facial to boost its jaw-refining capabilities. ("I have never seen better results than this," she says.) Raquel Medina-Cleghorn—cofounder of the insta-cultish Raquel New York Studio in Tribeca—leans heavily on lymphatic drainage to give women what she >226

CHEW IT OVER

From buccal massage to next-generation lasers, there have never been more ways to rejuvenate (or even reshape) your jawline.

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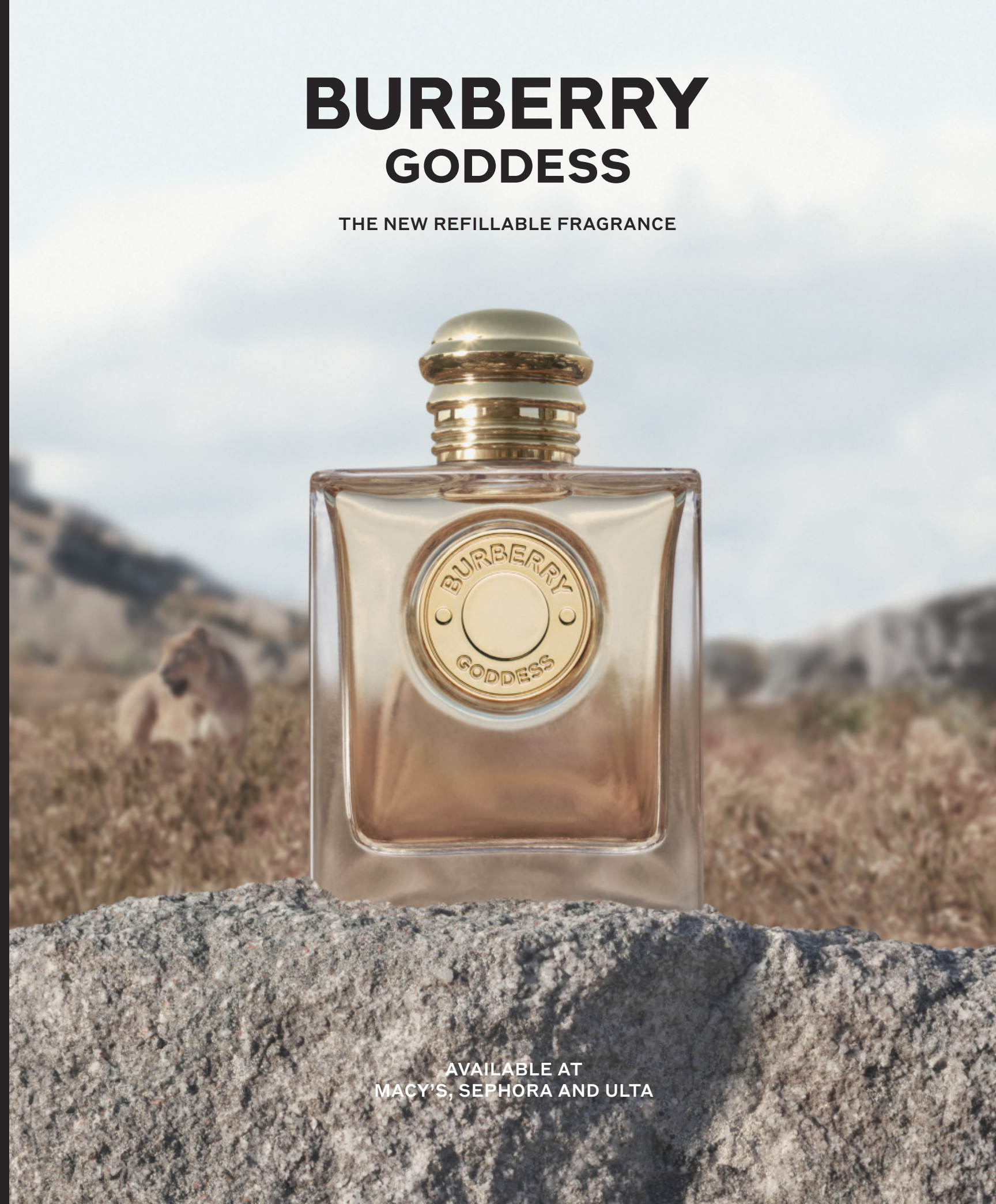
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calls "the Carla Bruni Special." The impact from both treatments is immediate and impressive, but no match for a sushi dinner. Not even the most practiced hands can compensate for the ruinous effects of salt and alcohol. I say: Take lots of photos at cocktail hour to maximize the investment. And then learn from someone like the esthetician Taylor Worden, who teaches clients to achieve the "Kim Kardashian jaw" of their dreams—"defined, no swelling, drained, clean"—with buccal massage. (Imagine kneading the sides of your face like you're shaping sourdough loaves.) You may not be able to turn yourself into a French chanteuse, but you will feel pleasantly sculpted.

I've long used the microcurrent tool NuFace in the run-up to events to make the most of whatever cheekbones I do possess. In the name of research, I decide to see what the much-ballyhooed Lyma device could do. The at-home cold laser with LED wand bears a striking resemblance to a Scandinavian pepper mill and costs around $2,700. I did notice a certain HD sharpening after weeks of consistent use, but shelling out for one also necessitates being the kind of person who will not let the device languish in her medicine cabinet. Not me!

America is now in the grips of a jaws craze not seen since the summer of 1975 when a killer shark was on the loose off the shores of New England

The point is, there is no sure path to mandible nirvana. Nadia Mostovych, MD, a facial reconstructive surgeon, emphasizes to patients that results are not guaranteed. "We have a pretty good idea of things that will make an improvement, but it's not an exact science, and healing is not an exact science," she says. "With surgery, people understand that, but when it comes to some of the less invasive things, people think, This is not a big deal. But it can be." There is a difference between fillers and filters.

So how about an aesthetic boost via self-improvement? Fumiko Takatsu operates in the teach-a-man-to-fish school—or rather, teach-a-woman-to-face-yoga. Her method grew out of a trial-and-error approach to healing from a car accident two decades ago. Now she instructs clients in the relationship between face and neck and posture through a series of exercises, face yoga programs, and live online classes. Takatsu theorizes that we move our bodies to tone and build muscle, but tend to stop at the neck. I'm prepared to call it all snake oil until Takatsu flickers onto the screen for our Zoom interview. Lineless. I tell her I'm writing about the new trend and she smiles: Have jaws ever been out? □

Field Work

Dior's perfume maestro uses history to inform his new fragrance.

When Francis Kurkdjian was a boy, a friend of his mother would often visit his house. The friend, Françoise, was a modéliste for Christian Dior—a model-maker who translated the sketches from the master designer into roughed-up toiles. "She would talk about how Jean Cocteau had tried to get a wardrobe filled with white mink," Kurkdjian says, "or she'd show me how to pin fabric." Françoise, now in her 80s, has twice visited Kurkdjian's offices at Dior, where he has been installed since 2021 as perfume creation director at Christian Dior following a four-year stint in the broader LVMH ecosystem and several decades at the helm of his eponymous fragrance house, Maison Francis Kurkdjian.

FOLLOW YOUR NOSE
The famous lavender fields near Christian Dior's summer home.

One of Kurkdjian's first projects was to develop a fragrance that rivals the best-selling scent J'adore, created by Dior in 1999. "J'adore is not just a fragrance," Kurkdjian says. "If you're one of the top 10 perfumers in the world, at some point you'll have had to compete against it." To do his research, Kurkdjian set off to Grasse in the South of France, where Monsieur Dior cultivated his magnificent gardens at Château de La Colle Noire, with a weighty suitcase full of books and a pack of Post-its. Back in Paris, he would haunt the archives, hunting down tapes of Dior lecturing at the Sorbonne. The investigation—along with rumination on the essence of gold itself ("Gold doesn't smell," he says, "so I had to turn it into something tangible")—has yielded L'Or de J'adore, a rounded, softer scent composed of a bouquet of jasmine, rose, ylang-ylang, lily of the valley, and violet.

Who is the woman who will wear L'Or de J'adore? Kurkdjian beams when asked. "When you start out as a young perfumer, you get told to think about that. They say, 'She's like *this,* she's like *that.*' And that used to be exciting. But now? It doesn't make sense to me at all. Christian Dior once said, 'My models are all the women of the world.' " Françoise would likely agree.—KATHLEEN BAIRD-MURRAY

FRANZ-MARC FREI / GETTY IMAGES.

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DRESS CODES

CLOCKWISE FROM NEAR LEFT: Jacqueline and John F. Kennedy at their 1953 wedding; Ann Lallman Jessop at a ball in 1961; Olivia de Havilland (with Ray Milland) at the Academy Awards in 1947; Ann Lowe (seated) with model Judith Guile in 1966.

Lowe and Behold

At the Winterthur Museum in Delaware, the long-undersung American designer Ann Lowe gets her biggest survey yet.

The September 1953 wedding of Jacqueline Lee Bouvier to Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy was a huge to-do. In the *New York Times*'s front-page report the following day, amid notes on the guest list (politicians from across the northeast; names like Vanderbilt and Gimbel) was a long description of Miss Bouvier's splendid silk taffeta wedding dress, "made with a fitted bodice embellished with interwoven bands of tucking, finished with a portrait neckline, and a bouffant skirt."

Left unidentified was the designer of that dress—and another 15 ensembles for the bridal party: Ann Lowe, who was nonetheless well-known within that rarefied milieu. "I'm an awful snob," Lowe (circa 1898–1981) told *Ebony* magazine in 1966. "I do not cater to Mary and Sue. I sew for the families of the Social Register."

"Ann Lowe: American Couturier," a new exhibition at the Winterthur Museum in Delaware, tells her remarkable story: After humble beginnings as the daughter and granddaughter of Black dressmakers in rural Alabama, Lowe moved to Florida in 1916, where she worked for prominent Tampa families until 1928, when she set up shop in New York and attracted the business of Posts, du Ponts, and Bouviers. (Years before her wedding, both Jacqueline and her sister, Lee, had worn Ann Lowe gowns as debutantes.) She also breached the Hollywood set, making the strapless tulle dress that Olivia de Havilland wore to accept her 1947 Oscar for *To Each His Own.*

So why, until recent years, was Lowe's name so little known? "Being a Black woman certainly didn't help," says Elizabeth Way, the exhibition's guest curator and an associate curator at the Museum at FIT. (As late as 1961, four decades into Lowe's career, the *Ladies' Home Journal* still dismissed her as "a colored woman dressmaker, not the *haute couture*.") Nor did the culture of discretion around elite dressmakers and their clients. "Also, in the United States, we don't have a long memory for our designers," Way says. "How many people know who Hattie Carnegie is, or Claire McCardell?" Even at the height of Lowe's powers, European giants like Christian Dior far overshadowed her.

Now, however, her name and painstaking work are well established in the fashion firmament. Closely following "In America: An Anthology of Fashion" at The Metropolitan Museum of Art last year, which featured several Lowe designs, "American Couturier" draws on years of research by Margaret Powell, a former cataloger at Winterthur, and Way, who has assembled some 40 dresses created between 1924 and Lowe's retirement in 1972. Also on display are looks by contemporary Black designers, like Tracy Reese and B Michael, for whom Lowe helped chart a course. Maintaining that connective thread felt important to Alexandra Deutsch, the John L. and Marjorie P. McGraw director of collections at Winterthur.

"There are elements of Ann Lowe's story, and her challenges, that have not changed for designers of color," Deutsch says. "We're really celebrating a past so we can have conversations about the present."—MARLEY MARIUS

LOWE: *EBONY*. JOHN AND JACQUELINE KENNEDY: BACHRACH/GETTY IMAGES. LALLMAN JESSOP: COLLECTION OF THE DURHAM MUSEUM. DE HAVILLAND: © CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM/BRIDGEMAN IMAGES.

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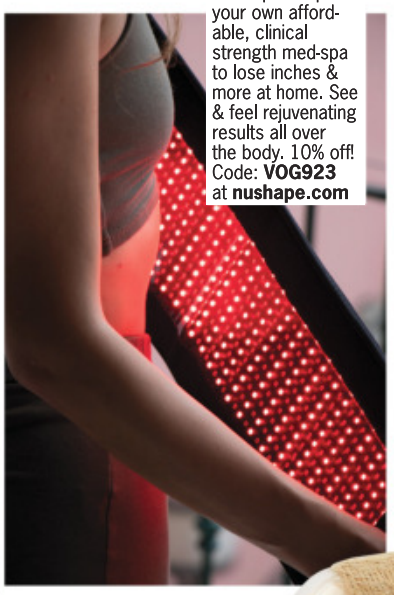

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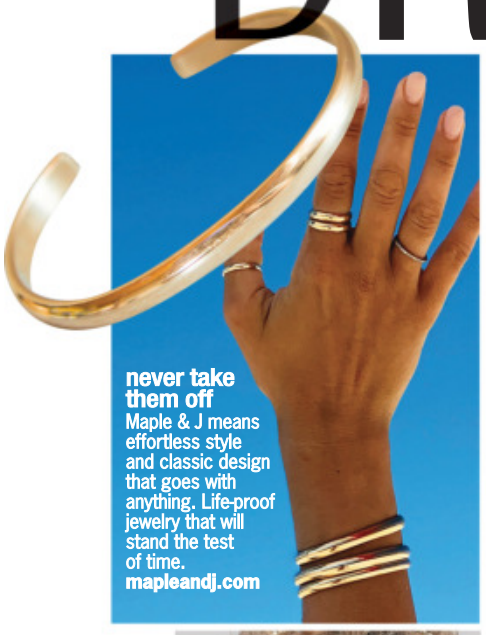

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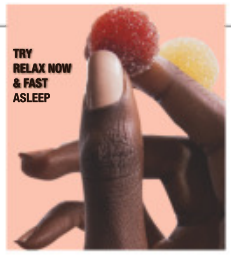

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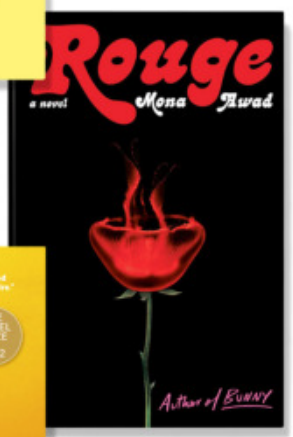
Love Letters

Family and romantic affairs are at the core of fall's best new books.

Susie Boyt's **Loved and Missed (New York Review Books)** is a disarming and heartrending little book—little in the sense that the scale is small and the text less than 200 pages. It is the story, essentially, of a grandmother raising her granddaughter when her addict daughter relinquishes parental control. Ruth—the grandmother—is proud, exacting, strong, insecure, and damaged; she pours all this into raising the baby, Lily, who grows up under her watch. Ruth saves Lily, but her granddaughter returns the favor, giving her love and purpose. Like a painterly miniature, *Loved and Missed* contains a wide-ranging emotional landscape within its precise and intricate scenes. Boyt packs her writing with such intensity it is sometimes difficult to read; there's no filler here, just the soaring and plunging sensations that come along with unrelenting love—and what could be a bigger topic than that?

Growing up in the shadow of New York artist Jennifer Bartlett was never going to be easy; having a famous father (German actor Mathieu Carrière) didn't help. And the new memoir from their daughter, Alice Carrière, **Everything/Nothing/Someone: A Memoir (Spiegel & Grau)** shows just how overwhelming a prospect it could be. Bartlett was aloof from the concerns of her daughter and engrossed in her work; her father was a more visceral presence, his intimacies sometimes uncomfortably close. A precocious child, Alice often found herself rambling around the West Village town house, left to follow her own instincts, which were at best adventurous, but more often self-destructive. The memoir charts Carrière's singular upbringing and her serious spiral into the depths of mental health crisis. It's an intense but finely written book in the manner of classic coming-of-age memoirs like *The Bell Jar*.—CHLOE SCHAMA

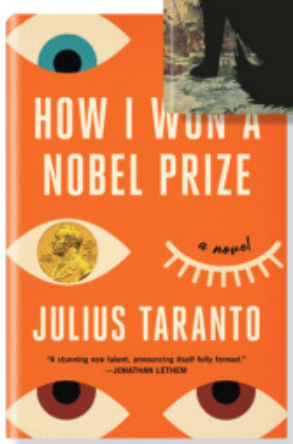


It's hard to outline the liminal feeling between the dream world and the waking one, but Mona Awad has managed to capture that essence in her latest novel, **Rouge (Marysue Rucci Books).** *Rouge* begins when protagonist Belle Nour travels to La Jolla, California, following her mother's mysterious death. Flashbacks reveal Belle's childhood and her complex relationship to her beauty-obsessed mother, who tells Belle "the sun is our mortal enemy, sweetie." Now herself preoccupied with skin care, Belle spends hours watching a fabled doctor's alluring skin care videos, layering her face with countless serums and creams. The story takes a turn toward fantasy when a pair of ruby shoes transports Belle to the cultlike spa her mother frequented. An edgy fable on the perils of our modern fascination with beauty.—ALEX JHAMB BURNS

The Young Man (Seven Stories Press), a slim new memoir from Annie Ernaux—winner of the 2022 Nobel—translated by Alison L. Strayer, recalls with economy and moving wisdom the author's erstwhile relationship with a student nearly 30 years her junior. The "continuous creation" of their love affair—which plays out on the mattress on the floor of his apartment, and over holidays that she pays for—dovetails with a shattering sense of déjà vu. His poverty evokes Ernaux's own working-class childhood in Normandy, where her mother would fall asleep "from exhaustion on her bed, fully dressed, after Sunday lunch"; and the window of his apartment overlooks the hospital where, at 23, she was treated after getting an illegal abortion. (The same event inspired her memoir *Happening*.) Heady, sophisticated, and rigorously unsentimental, it's classic Ernaux.—MARLEY MARIUS

What could be more companionable than a suspenseful novel set in Yellowstone and starring a sturdily capable park ranger (Ren) who drives a truck, loves a flat white, and is determined to protect the wolves, elk, foxes, and bears from tourists and poachers alike? Peter Heller's sixth novel, **The Last Ranger (Knopf)**, is a lovingly written mystery populated by wildlife, militiamen, and starring a mid-30s loner who can't help but fall for an expert wolf researcher named Hilly. Heller draws a spirit of romance from the Montana landscape even as he keeps his plot ticking along. When Hilly is nearly killed by a deliberately laid poacher's trap, Ren must untangle the motives of a group of locals, driven by revenge or rebelliousness or simply a common desire to escape into the wild.—TAYLOR ANTRIM

Julius Taranto's razor-sharp debut, **How I Won a Nobel Prize (Little, Brown)**, comes with an intriguing premise: Helen, a prodigiously talented graduate student, decides to follow her professor and mentor after he is booted from their university following a sex scandal. Their destination is an institute for "canceled" academics on an island off the coast of Connecticut, where a protest movement aiming to bring the high-flying academic pariahs to their knees has taken root. That might sound like the start of a clunky cancel culture diatribe, but Taranto's compelling dissections of moral gray areas and nail-bitingly tense passages on Helen's superconductivity experiments make the novel bracingly clever. A viciously funny page-turner with plenty of surprises up its sleeve.—LIAM HESS



FROM TOP: *LOVED AND MISSED*: COURTESY OF NEW YORK REVIEW BOOKS. *EVERYTHING/NOTHING/SOMEONE*: COURTESY OF SPIEGEL & GRAU. *ROUGE*: COURTESY OF MARYSUE RUCCI BOOKS, AN IMPRINT OF SIMON & SCHUSTER, INC. *THE YOUNG MAN*: COURTESY OF SEVEN STORIES PRESS. *THE LAST RANGER*: COURTESY OF KNOPF. *HOW I WON A NOBEL PRIZE*: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, 2023.

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Rip It Up and Start Again

The twisted romance and punky attitude of Tom Binns are back on our radar.

MORE IS MORE

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Pieces from Binns's recent collections; Amber Valletta and models Du Juan and Lily Zhi in his designs.

The discordantly glamorous jewelry of Tom Binns, the Belfast-born (with subsequent stops in London, New York, and, now, Los Angeles) artist, is resonating once more. Binns has always taken a Dadaist approach and aesthetic—break it all down to bring it back together; mess it up to elicit a strange kind of beauty. If you wore it the first time round, lucky you: Dig it out from the depths of your closet and start wearing it again. If you didn't, get ready to embrace the sea change. (And invest in it, too; Binns's pieces can be found everywhere from Maxfield in LA to resale sites like Vestiaire Collective and The RealReal.)

For some time now, adornment has been about the shiny, the sculptural, and the modernistic: unyielding lines playing off oversized tailoring, or anchoring clothes that were fluidly linear. Yet it's Binns's work that feels in step with the times. That could mean a choker that looks like it was made by a particularly industrious magpie; a string of bright—gaudy, even—diamanté rings; or a vintage midcentury strass necklace suspended from a tangle of twine and surmounted by a crushed cola can, as gleamingly destroyed as anything by John Chamberlain. In today's world, where style is edging back to irreverence and individualism, what could be more perfect than imperfection?

As to Binns's life today: Though he is, he says, tongue very much in cheek, "loitering with intent," there seems to be far less of the former and far more of the latter. Binns is back in action after some time spent adjusting to pandemic life in sunny La-La Land (well, Venice Beach) after years in a loft near Canal Street in Lower Manhattan.

He arrived in NYC in the '80s from London, which "had become too much of a village, too cliquey," he says, though while he lived there he was working as furiously as he was clubbing, making his own magically twisted pieces while also working with Vivienne Westwood. It was Binns who provided the outsize rusty buttons—actually the lids of a cleaning product called Vim—for Westwood's 1983 Punkature rag knits. (That DIY approach continues: Everything from Minnie Mouse figurines to clothes pegs are fair game.)

But Binns isn't interested in returning to those heady days when his work adorned just about everyone's throats, wrists, and décolletés—and made people think about how impeccably wrought jewelry could be denuded of boring old notions of status. Though it's now a decade-plus since first lady Michelle Obama wore his assemblage necklaces to state dinners, Binns has his mojo back not just with his jewelry but with his artwork, which incorporates objets trouvés that he scours from the neighborhood.

One of his neighbors, Eli Russell Linnetz, came knocking recently and asked to collaborate on pieces that were shown on the ERL runway at the Pitti Uomo shows in Florence in June. "Tom is probably one of the true artists left in this world," says Linnetz. "He lives and breathes his unique creations." As Binns recalls, "Eli asked me to do some sparkly stuff, so I went into my archive and pulled out the rhinestones and chopped them all up and remade them. I repurposed my own work, which I've always done."

Taking from the best? Binns chuckles.

"Yeah," he says. "Taking from the best."—MARK HOLGATE

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: RADICAL EXQUISITES COLLECTION. COURTESY OF TOM BINNS STUDIO. PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN MEISEL, *VOGUE*, DECEMBER 2010. PHOTOGRAPH BY CRAIG MCDEAN, *VOGUE*, AUGUST 2003. ASSEMBLAGE ECLECTIQUE COLLECTION. COURTESY OF TOM BINNS STUDIO.

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BALENCIAGA

BALENCIAGA

In a colorful riot of '90s nostalgia, four Supers—Linda, Cindy, Christy, and Naomi—talk about a new documentary on their (fabulous) lives and legacy. Sally Singer listens in. Photographed by Rafael Pavarotti.

Supersonic

FANTASTIC FOUR

FROM FAR LEFT: Linda Evangelista wears a Givenchy blouse and shoes. Skirt from Theory. Cindy Crawford wears a Dolce & Gabbana dress and shoes. Bulgari high jewelry necklace. Christy Turlington wears a Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello dress. Manolo Blahnik shoes. De Beers bangle. Naomi Campbell wears a Dolce & Gabbana dress and bra top. Piferi shoes. Bulgari high jewelry earring and ring.

Fashion Editor: Edward Enninful.

LIFT OFF
The throwback vibes are strong with Turlington in a Versace jacket, skirt, bag, and shoes. Bulgari high jewelry earrings.

"To me anonymity is so underrated generally," Turlington says. "I like to blend in; I like to disappear"

US AND THEM
Evangelista wears a Saint Laurent by Anthony Vaccarello jacket. Campbell in a Prada dress.

LEG UP
Crawford wears a Prada dress and shoes. Tiffany & Co. cuffs. Evangelista in a Valentino coat, shirt, and pants. Valentino Garavani tie and boots.

RED ALERT
Turlington wears a Prada jacket and skirt. Manolo Blahnik shoes. Crawford in a Marc Jacobs parka, bodysuit, and skirt. Casadei shoes.

Over two days in May, Cindy, Christy, Linda, and Naomi (no surnames required) can be found at a photo studio on the West Side of Manhattan doing that thing they do—supermodel-ing—with humor, and with ruthless precision. They don't balk at wearing massive shoulder pads, pastel mini suits, skinny ties, and pointy pumps—items that bear no relation to the cozy cashmeres and jeans they arrived in—and they smile with familiarity at the racks of this season's most important looks, which look not unlike designer offerings they wore more than 30 years ago. Back then they were just kids, really, and the clothes made no sense; now they are in their 50s, and ditto (save for a Schiaparelli gown in jersey that Christy falls in love with). Even the coolest, most downbeat look—jeans and a tank from superhot Matthieu Blazy for Bottega Veneta—is paradoxically made of leather. How does that work when walking a dog? But never mind. These are Supers and they can own any look, gamely sing along to a soundtrack of early Madonna and Lauper, catch the light just so to create shapes that don't actually accord with their actual bodies, and all the while subtly coach the young, rising-star photographer Rafael Pavarotti on how best to capture the movement of the clothes. Between takes they check the monitors; being "bossy ladies" (Cindy's term), they offer corrections. Naomi never gives up the heels, even when her costars are barefoot. It's a master class in commitment. But how odd it must be to be in a back-to-the-future version of your own life! And even odder to have spent a life working at being beautiful when you are naturally, by any gauge, gorgeous. When Edward Enninful, who has known them all for decades, charmingly references an episode of *30 Rock* in which Tina Fey's character dates a man (played by Jon Hamm) who is so handsome that he unknowingly lives in a bubble of special treatment and privilege, it is Cindy, who has literally made beauty her brand, who smiles first in understanding.

Oh, but that bubble is intoxicating. How it blew up and why it continues to mesmerize the globe more than three decades later is now the subject of a four-part documentary entitled *The Super Models,* set to debut September 20 on Apple TV+. Directed by Roger Ross Williams and Larissa Bills for Brian Grazer and Ron Howard's Imagine Entertainment, the series paints in both broad and fine strokes a picture of the style community in the late '80s to mid-'90s, when high fashion went from a niche hobby for aspirational clothes hounds to a pillar of mainstream entertainment standing alongside film, television, and music. Says Grazer, with his characteristic offhand foresight, "I think I was just tripping on the fact that this was a cultural moment that became singularly important." At the center of this transformation were Christy, Naomi, Cindy, and Linda, four teens and barely teens whose rare combination of extraordinarily photogenic features, born-with-it confidence, quick wit, intuitive style, intense curiosity, and utterly bananas work ethic flipped the switch for the industry.

"They weren't born into this," says *The Super Models* director, Roger Ross Williams. "And they surpassed the world they entered into"

And the lights have never gone off. In addition to this series, which was produced by its four stars (Christy: "Why shouldn't we have some control over our own story?"), there are more documentaries in the works, and Linda and Steven Meisel have a book of their seminal collaborations due out from Phaidon next month. The red carpet looks the Supers made famous are now worn by Gen Z stars; their faces peer down from billboards (Fendi's Kim Jones: "Put them in a campaign and they sell!"). They remain compulsively fascinating. With all of this in mind, here are some dispatches from the Supermodel bubble.

They Were Rock Stars...

"It was insane. We are not the Beatles," recalls Linda, in response to the press frenzy that followed the release of George Michael's single "Freedom! '90," with its David Fincher video (cast from a cover of British *Vogue*) and the subsequent arm-linked, lip-synched Versace show finale walk. That said, the comparison isn't so far-fetched: four provincial outsiders who collectively bewitched a culture, rewrote the game for an industry, and felt disarmingly and utterly new even among their peers. "They weren't born into this. They came into the industry from various backgrounds, normal girls," says the director, Williams, "and they surpassed the world they entered into." Much like the Fab Four, the Supers were ubiquitous in pop culture—on late-night talk shows, in gossip columns with their famous partners, plastered on the walls of bedrooms and hair salons globally, the focus of so much youthful longing: fandom incarnate. "They were like fashion's Spice Girls," says the hairdresser Guido Palau, who first met Naomi "when she was barely a model and I was barely a hairdresser." And they were just helplessly ahead of the curve. Recalls Michael Kors, "I remember when Cindy first walked in for a casting in 1986. I am a designer who was always happy to see some curves. At that time everything was still very church and state; print models didn't know how to move. Cindy walked for me and you knew it was a whole new chapter—very poised, her own way of moving, not stuck in the old-world Parisian way of modeling. The models who were traditional runway models in that show took a look at her and knew this was going to be a whole new era."

Here's the point: When one watches a very young Naomi speaking out during a *House of Style* model roundtable about racial discrimination in the industry; when one encounters again the cinematic intensity and complexity of the portfolios Linda was regularly creating with Meisel; when one considers the astuteness of Christy to

NIGHT LIGHTS
Campbell and Crawford in 1991—a time when Supers were ubiquitous in the culture.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROXANNE LOWIT.

become the face of Calvin Klein or the cleverness of Cindy to become both the star and chronicler of her world via the new medium of MTV, one is left breathless. These were rock star moves. And yet, while they had the perspicacity to speak out about racism, they were also winging it, just kids. Recalls Garren, the hairdresser who first turned Linda platinum: "The night before the George Michael video shoot, we bleached the whole thing. She said as she got on the plane: 'I don't know who I am, but I will figure it out before I land.'"

They Were Friends...

The authenticity of the Supermodels as a girl band made everything more dazzling (for the public) and doable (for them). Says Naomi, "There was a sisterhood there, defined by caring and loyalty: When one is down you pick the other one up." It was Christy who persuaded Cindy to walk twice for Marc Jacobs. Naomi got the nod for her first Michael Kors show after her friends persuaded him to let her fill in for a late cancellation. And their generosity has extended to include their larger fashion family. Naomi talked Marc into going to rehab after she had done so herself. ("I am very much a believer in recovery," she says. "Recovery saved me.") Linda flew to Arizona to visit John Galliano on family day while he was in treatment. And when Linda was still married to the French modeling agent Gérald Marie—who has faced accusations of sexual misconduct from models he encountered in those years, allegations which he has strongly denied and which are beyond the statute of limitations in France (he has never been prosecuted)—she says it was Christy who tried to help: "One time, while I was still married, Christy tried to tell me. She's like, 'They wear your clothes, Linda.' And I got so mad at her." Christy remembers it otherwise. She had no awareness of the dark places in Linda's marriage but recalls a time when a previous boyfriend was screwing around, and that, on a shoot with Irving Penn in Paris, she was distraught and ashamed and vented to Linda. By the end of the day, they were both laughing. Moral of the story: Men are dogs, even to supermodels.

They Survived Grunge...

In 1992 the bubble was shaken by the arrival of the tiny, singular, immensely stylish Kate Moss and an anti-glamour aesthetic found in the photographs of Corinne Day, Juergen Teller, and David Sims. Calvin Klein was fast to sign on, which made it a no-brainer for Christy ("The pared-down thing was really refreshing and felt to me more in line with who I am," she says). Soon everywhere the hair was lank, the poses crumpled and morose, and the Azzedine dresses and bouclé suits traded in for flannels and peasant frocks. Naomi hopped on board quickly, donning a slip and Mary Janes for Prada and becoming a double act with Kate. "We survived grunge!" says Linda, who quickly morphed into a broken androgyne for Sims. (Recalls Marc Jacobs, "Linda was one of the girls who had a glamorous era and then became kind of boyish in a men's suit, carving initials on a bench.") Cindy understood this new look as an inevitable swing of the fashion pendulum—"The hair couldn't have gotten any higher, the shoulders any wider," she says—but failed to find anything empowering in appearing in print like a walk-of-shame zombie. In real life, though, the new downbeat normal struck a nerve. When Cindy and then husband Richard Gere unexpectedly were invited to meet Queen Elizabeth at a polo match in the South of France, Cindy slipped on a green dress covered in cherries from Marc Jacobs's grunge collection for Perry Ellis.

Anna Sui remembers how quickly everything shifted off the page. "When we used to have dinner, the girls would be head-to-toe in Versace and Chanel, everything matching. And then there was a summer when everyone wanted to go to the flea market and get a vintage top like Naomi's to wear with jeans. It wasn't about wearing mommy's clothes anymore. They were dating boys in alternative bands. This is what made my career possible, that switch."

They Survived...

The question of #MeToo hovers over any treatment of the fashion industry in the past decades; it is unavoidable. Almost completely absent from Apple's documentary series are any mentions of Bruce Weber or the late Patrick Demarchelier (who both denied all allegations against them). Both were key creative partners of the Supers, especially Weber with his work for Calvin Klein. As for their own experiences, both Christy and Cindy report no mistreatment. "It's just luck and grace, honestly," says Christy. "I felt like my career took off pretty quickly, so maybe there were more eyes on me and they couldn't get away with stuff. But," she adds, "I don't even think it was that: Predatory people are predatory people." Cindy has two theories why she was unscathed. The first is that she arrived in New York from Chicago at the relatively old age of 20—so she was already a successful veteran of sorts. The second is a counter example: that her own provincial insecurities worked to her advantage when she landed in Europe. "You'd get invited to a party on someone's yacht and I'd think, What do you even wear on a yacht? What fork do you use? So I would just not go and, yes, I probably

JUST KIDS
Evangelista, Campbell, and Turlington at the Plaza Hotel in Manhattan, 1989.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RON GALELLA/GETTY IMAGES.

ALL THAT GLITTERS

Evangelista wears an Alexander McQueen dress. Sergio Rossi shoes. De Beers bracelet and ring. Turlington wears a Schiaparelli dress, gloves, and shoes. Chanel High Jewelry earrings and bracelet.

THAT'S A WRAP
"I still love what I do," says Campbell. Loewe dress and shoes.

STAY CLOSE
Turlington wears a Bottega Veneta leather top, tank top, and pants. Campbell wears an Alaïa denim top and pants. Levi's tank top. Both wear Cartier bracelets.

WELL SUITED
Crawford wears a Proenza Schouler jacket, shirt, skirt, belt, and boots. Cartier necklace.

Between takes they check the monitors; being "bossy ladies" (Cindy's term), they offer corrections. Naomi never gives up the heels, even when her costars are barefoot

missed out on some fabulous opportunities but probably avoided some less than fabulous opportunities as well."

Naomi lived in Paris from age 16 with Azzedine Alaïa, who was a father figure to her until he passed away in 2017. She says, "That man protected me from so much." On the one occasion when someone crossed a line, Naomi came home, told Azzedine, he made a call, and it never happened again. She also always knew to tell: "I come from a strong line of Black women, Jamaican women. If something felt wrong, I told it. I spoke up."

And then there is Linda, whose traumatic six-year union with Gérald Marie ended when she flew home at age 27 to Canada to tell her stoic Catholic father that the marriage was over. "My mother's like, She's getting a divorce," Linda remembers. "And he said, 'I never liked that son of a bitch.' And he left. I heard the garage door slam." Of the chapter with Marie she has only regret. "I thought: I'm Linda. I'm bringing in so much money. I think I am pretty. I can cook. And I am great with his child. And I am devoted to him. There's no way he would cheat on me. I was a fool."

They Favor Convention...

For women whose professional lives were once defined by supersonic itinerancy, the Supers are—to the one—family-minded, be it nuclear, extended, or chosen. Christy and Cindy have both had long marriages with children and dogs and whatever constitutes a picket fence in the Hamptons and Malibu. This is a notable achievement for anyone these days, and especially for women who have worn the peculiar crown of outsize fame from a very young age. How do you find space in a partnership for all that wattage? For Christy, who wed the actor-director Edward Burns in 2003, it brought about some awkward silences. "When we first met I would not talk about anything," she recalls. She'd stepped back from modeling to get her degree from NYU. "I was just like, 'I have gone to school; I am a new person.' And he would always think it was funny to say, 'I was a PA making $18K a year when you were flying on the Concorde.' And I was like: That makes me really uncomfortable. I can't even relate to that moment because it was such a blip in my life." She adds, "When Ed saw the doc, he said, I think it's good for you. Let it be what it was—maybe put a little closure on it. You know this makes some people really happy." Burns thinks their children—Grace, an NYU student and model, and Finn, a high school senior—will appreciate seeing "the life their mother had before she built this life." For Christy, this will make for more awkward silences. She imagines them complaining. "Like, what do you mean I can't go here or there? When you were 16, you were out until four in the morning!"

Naomi's daughter is just two and already has a well-stamped passport, moving through the world with her mother on behalf of Emerge, Naomi's initiative to provide support, mentorship, and opportunities to young creatives in Africa, the Middle East, South America, and India. "She rolls with me," says Naomi, who identifies as "a global citizen, constantly on the plane." "She's been to Africa and the Middle East. It is not easy and requires more organization, more planning; and it will change when she goes to school." In late June, she gave her daughter a sibling; "Welcome Babyboy," she wrote on Instagram with a picture of the new arrival.

> "There was a sisterhood there," says Naomi, "defined by caring and loyalty: When one is down you pick the other one up"

Linda and her teenage son, Augie, share a passion for team sports. Back in the day, when Linda was still a working Super, Madison Square Garden used to call and offer her courtside seats. "But then they stopped asking," she says. "Out of sight, out of mind. Now we buy our tickets and we sit with the fans in nosebleed—we're fine with that. I wanted to have a very normal upbringing for my child." Augie is not always convinced by the charms of life outside the bubble. "Do you think if they recognized you we would have to be standing in this line?" he asks. Linda counters, "What's wrong with standing in this line? I stand in lines. We went to Chanel a couple of weeks ago to get a present and we waited half an hour to get in. He said, 'Isn't there someone you could call?' I do not want an entitled child."

Augie is the son of François-Henri Pinault, with whom he spends holidays, and has a stepmother in Salma Hayek. Presumably that crew doesn't queue. Certainly not Hayek, to her credit. "I was sick at Thanksgiving," says Linda. "And Salma got on the plane with her daughter, came here, and made Thanksgiving dinner. She asked what I wanted—it was a very eclectic wish list. I wanted her Mexican chicken with truffled potatoes. And she spent the day in the kitchen and cooked it herself. No help. The kids helped her at the end. She made a feast—a beautiful, beautiful meal. I had told her that I wasn't going to have Thanksgiving; I wasn't feeling well. And she said, 'Oh yes you are: I am coming.' And poof, she was here."

They Take a Back Seat...

Cindy Crawford spent the pandemic—in jeans (Paige and YSL) and a blouse, never sweats—productively learning how to unlearn productivity. She discovered a book by Victoria Song titled *Bending Reality: How to Make the Impossible Probable* and hired Song as a coach. Homebound in Malibu (at the home she and Rande Gerber built almost 20 years ago when they decided to send their children to public school), with nowhere to fly off to, no mountains to conquer, she felt she could finally commit to regular sessions, and to doing homework assignments (e.g., drawing with her left hand) intended to unlock untapped potential. Cindy has spent the past three decades creating a series of hugely successful businesses for herself across beauty and home, while at the same time maintaining decades-long relationships with key brand partners such as Omega and Pepsi. Her legacy as a Super was to show the world how to monetize her bubble of fame with just enough discretion that somehow she has never felt overexposed—a world apart from her neighbors in Calabasas.

Cindy's reality is bending to accommodate a new chapter: wife of a wildly glamorous and successful entrepreneur (Gerber and George Clooney sold their tequila company in 2017 for a billion dollars); mother of a fashion world star. "I'm now Kaia's mom," she laughs.

They Move On...

Christy Burns is walking through the "Avedon 100" show at the Gagosian gallery in Chelsea, looking for the photograph she selected for the exhibition. She insists that most people in her life now know her only by her married name, and she prefers it that way, as she enjoys "being at the top of the alphabet, like when you are waiting for your breast exam and they call out 'Burns.'" She encounters a massive Richard Avedon image from a Versace campaign in which she perches in chain CONTINUED ON PAGE 343

PRODUCED BY PRODN. SET DESIGN: STEFAN BECKMAN. SETS: BRUSHED ALUMINUM LAMINATE
PROVIDED BY ABET LAMINATI; LISTENING CHAIR BY LIAM MELAKE COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND R & COMPANY.

TWO OF HEARTS

Campbell and Crawford both wear Ralph Lauren Collection. Campbell wears a Dior Fine Jewelry necklace. In this story: hair, Eugene Souleiman; makeup, Stephane Marais using Dior Beauty; makeup for Naomi Campbell, Adam Fleischhauer. Details, see In This Issue.

HIGH AND MIGHTY
Model Devon Aoki is up for anything in a fetchingly feathered **Chanel** top, skirt, boots, and earrings; select Chanel boutiques. OPPOSITE: A selection of *geta*—traditional thong sandals raised on wooden slats called *ha*—all by **Watomi,** with platform boots from **Etro** (TOP RIGHT), is thrown into the mix.
Fashion Editor: Gabriella Karefa-Johnson.

HOSHINOYA TOKYO.

Spirited Away

Forget—for a moment, at least—quiet luxury: Let's have a full-throttle love affair with fall fashion at its most delightfully, and defiantly, exuberant. The hustle and bustle of Tokyo sets the scene. Photographed by Theo Liu.

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NE IS INEVITABLE

GOING, GOING...

FOREGROUND, FROM FAR LEFT: Rapper Ryugo Ishida wears **Burberry**; us.burberry.com. At his side, rapper NENE wears an **Akikoaoki** top; store.akikoaoki.com. Model Lala Takahashi wears **Erdem**; erdem.com. Model Ai Tominaga wears a **Dilara Findikoglu** jacket (dilarafindikoglu.com) and **Luar** skirt (luar.world). Model Kiko Mizuhara wears **Dior**; Dior boutiques.

Surrounding them? Some of the coolest young creatives in Tokyo: Xiaqua, Kou U, ViDA, Masaya Otsuka, Kien (standing, at rear), Nanami, Aran, Who28, and Koinu (leaning against the door).

AMKK (AZUMA MAKOTO STUDIO).

GOOD SCENTS
Aoki accepts a posy from master flower artist Makoto Azuma in an **Andreas Kronthaler for Vivienne Westwood** top and choker (vivienne westwood.com)—the very picture of romantic dishabille—and **All-In** skirt (all-in-studio.com). **Thom Solo** shoes.

ROAD RULES
At a busy intersection in Shinjuku City, model Hikari Mori (with arms raised) and Aoki find their footing in ebullient and extravagant **Marc Jacobs** dresses and towering boots; bergdorf goodman.com.

GODZILLA ROAD
トラノコ
カラオケ
MARUHAN
リトル・マーメイド

HARAJUKU GIRLS
Mori—clad in an artfully layered **Thom Browne** dress (complete with a trailing train) and cummerbund—can't help but attract a small fan club on Takeshita Street; thombrowne.com for information. **Bottega Veneta** shoes.

SHAPING UP
At the Italian Embassy in Tokyo—codesigned by Italian architect Pier Francesco Borghese and Japanese architect Masachika Murata in the early 1960s—Mizuhara goes to dramatic lengths with bonsai master Torayuki Yamada in a **Junya Watanabe** dress; shop.doverstreetmarket.com. Corset belt from **Zana Bayne.**

BONSAI MASTER: TORAYUKI YAMADA; RESIDENCE OF THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN, TOKYO; COURTESY OF EMBASSY OF ITALY IN JAPAN.

MIXED COMPANY
Why settle for a single party dress when you can double the trouble—and the texture, and the fun—with two? Aoki wears a strapless **Versace** minidress and shoes (versace.com) over a many-patterned **All-In** dress (all-in-studio.com).

EBISU YOKOCHO.

ROLL WITH IT
Tominaga is all…no, make that mostly business in a dashing (and rather daring) **Valentino** jacket, shirt, and skirt. All at Valentino boutiques.

A CUT ABOVE
As chef Mei Kogo shows off her handiwork at Sushi Arai, in Ginza, Aoki lets her punk flag fly in a retro-fabulous **Moschino** dress; moschino.com.

BEAUTY NOTE
Punk it up a little: L'Oréal Paris Mega Gel takes styles to another level with a high-gloss finish that holds through the night.

GINZA SUSHI ARAI.

OVER AND UNDER
Takahashi takes five in a bright pink **Balmain** sweater; us.balmain.com. **Christopher John Rogers** skirt; christopherjohnrogers.com. **Noir Kei Ninomiya x Repetto** shoes.

AMKK (AZUMA MAKOTO STUDIO).

FLOWER CHILD
Dropped into what might best be described as a floral fantasia (courtesy of Makoto Azuma), Aoki and her daughter Eleanor wear graphic mommy-and-me **Marni**; marni.com.

TOUGH STUFF
Dwarfed by a massive stone lantern, or *tōrō,* Aoki catches the light in a **Louis Vuitton** jacket and dress; select Louis Vuitton boutiques. In this story: hair, Issac Yu; makeup, Ana Takahashi. Details, see In This issue.

PRODUCED BY TAKA ARAKAWA (BABYLON). SET DESIGN:
HANYI CHENG. RESIDENCE OF THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR
TO JAPAN, TOKYO. COURTESY OF EMBASSY OF ITALY IN JAPAN.

The Shape of Things to Come

At New York City's new Perelman Performing Arts Center—a creative capstone of the World Trade Center's decades-long rebuilding—architecture and optimism find form.
By Chloe Schama. Photographed by Norman Jean Roy.

STEPPING UP
Model Devyn Garcia at the still-under-construction Perelman Performing Arts Center in a **Michael Kors Collection** gown (michaelkors.com). Joining her is Joshua Ramus, the founding principal of REX, the New York architecture and design firm behind the project.
Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.

EVERYONE
SAME

If you work or live near the World Trade Center, you are regularly confronted with impermanence. A pathway that has been blocked for months (years?) by plywood partitions and concrete barricades is suddenly accessible as a corridor for authorized vehicles and swarms of tourists. Corrugated tin walls, a shield for large-scale HVAC equipment resembling steampunk vents, become a cheery Instagram backdrop when splashed with colorful murals. A biergarten sprouts on a concrete patio; a subway entrance improbably opens where the sidewalk seemed impermeable. Men in suits have been supplanted by nannies pushing strollers into the Wall Street–adjacent Whole Foods. This corner of New York grows in unpredictable ways.

So those of us who watched the construction of the giant marble cube next to the memorial might be forgiven for a little nonchalance: another set of steel foundations, dug deep then stretching high. But the opening of the Perelman Performing Arts Center—or PAC NYC—marks a historic moment: The last public building erected as part of the original master redevelopment plan for the World Trade Center site created by Daniel Libeskind, it has been two decades in the making, hamstrung not only by bureaucratic complexities but by stalled design plans and a rotation of artistic organizations—the Joyce Theater, the Drawing Center, the Signature Theatre, New York City Opera—that each had, at one point, been proposed as potential tenants. (The man after whom the center is named, Ronald O. Perelman—he declined to speak for this story—while credited with providing the initial funding, is no longer the biggest donor. That honor belongs to Michael Bloomberg.)

All that is before you get to what the building is actually supposed to do: provide a balm that speaks to tragedy by virtue of its location, while carving out a distinct and optimistic vision for itself. How do you encapsulate *that* in a building? The whole thing is "one of the most complicated construction projects in modern history," as Bloomberg, the mayor when the initial plan was put in place, told me.

On a crystalline spring day, I put on a hard hat and met PAC NYC's chief development and marketing officer, Bob Pilon, at the busy worksite. With its closed-off staircases and two-by-fours laid down as rickety ramps, the space was still something of a labyrinth as we made our way up to the lobby level on the second floor. Dollies and sawhorse tables were scattered across the floor like abandoned children's toys. Above, a series of wavy striplights carved out pathways in the ceiling (to direct the view of audiences, I would later be told); undulating felt material coated the walls (to muffle the sounds of the subway trains below).

"Over there is the lobby stage," Pilon told me, gesturing toward a corner of the room where free programming—from spoken word to

CENTER STAGE

In one of the building's state-of-the-art auditoriums, model Sherry Shi (LEFT) wears a **Balenciaga** dress; balenciaga.com. Model Abby Champion wears an **Alexander McQueen** blazer and pants; alexandermcqueen.com.

dance performances to weekend works geared toward families—will play for a few hours throughout the day to anyone who enters the space. "We're all working to ensure that the word gets wide and far that all are welcome," Khady Kamara, the center's executive director, told me a few days later. (PAC NYC has worked hard to integrate with the local community—an early partnership with the Borough of Manhattan Community College, the center's neighbor to the north, might place students not just in usher and bartender positions, but on the lobby stage as well.)

Two floors up we entered the theater level, where PAC NYC's box-within-the-box design is most readily apparent, the marble exterior wall and the exterior of the theater box like two sides of a canyon. Above us, chandeliers descended from long downrods—when the center opens in mid-September they will shine through the marble panels from within, turning the entire structure into an illuminated cube. "There's an analogy to a town square where there might be a clock tower or some orienting piece," the designer David Rockwell told me. "I think it's going be a glowing exclamation point."

What I experienced on my walk-through with Pilon was merely one possible configuration of the venue's interior walls. A central feature of the Perelman's design is its ability to adapt to whatever artistic vision it might house at a given moment: The walls and seats can be arranged into (upon last count) 60 iterations, from a standard proscenium to a theater-in-the-round to an intimate black box and beyond. The interior walls are soundproofed to such an extent that even the lead architect does not fully know how they work—*that* proprietary information is known only to the company that installed them.

Pilon gestured to an area of a theater where workers are busy installing plum-colored upholstered seats. "We fill these seating docks up with water," he said, "and they float like a hoverboard." It's improbable-sounding but, when you pause to think about it, so is the prospect of a theater—a site of celebration, creativity, innovation—located not only on top of a tangle of subway lines but on the site of the defining national tragedy of our time. Can the center insert itself into this history-laced landscape in a meaningful way?

> The project is "one of the most complicated construction projects in modern history," as Michael Bloomberg says

As I was reporting this piece, there was a moment in almost all my interviews when the subject began to tear up. These were men, for the most part, who had otherwise been discussing the load-bearing points for steel I-beams, or maximum capacity for restaurants, when the shift, like the sudden pressure drop before a storm, occurred.

Marcus Samuelsson, who will open a restaurant at PAC NYC called Metropolis, which will celebrate the cuisine of all five boroughs of New York City, had cooked at Windows on the World on the 107th floor of the World Trade Center days before September 11. In the weeks that followed, Samuelsson helped prepare meals alongside other New York City chefs to feed the first responders. Rockwell, whose Rockwell Group has designed the interior spaces of PAC NYC—the lobby, the restaurant, the "sequence that choreographs how the audience comes together before they see the show," as he puts it—also lived downtown. He watched the second tower fall from the roof of his Union Square office building and later pushed his toddler son in a stroller through the chaos of Lower Manhattan. In the months that followed, Rockwell, who exudes a warm, avuncular energy, would become involved in what he calls "an urban barn-raising" to decorate an elementary school where children displaced from the shuttered PS 234, just a few blocks away from the towers, were sent. Asked to design a viewing platform for the destroyed site, he made it a condition of his work that it would be open to the public—and raised the money to ensure it.

The individual who has arguably had the greatest impact on the creation of PAC NYC—Joshua Ramus, whose architecture and design firm, REX, is responsible for the vision and execution of the project—lived a few blocks north at the time of the attack. Soot billowed in his open windows, covering his belongings; for a while, he slept at a friend's house before moving into the Tribeca Grand, where FEMA put people who didn't want to leave the city but had nowhere else to go. "Deference was always going to be important," Ramus tells me when we speak in early June, "but living so close to the site in the ensuing years, being woken up in the middle of the night when they would find remains.... People talk about this being hallowed ground, and it is—on a national level. But I think we as a firm took that even more seriously.

"In that context, it was really important to do something that was elegant, pure, and had a sobriety to it," he continues. "And yet this is the building that was to offer optimism as the counterpoint to the commemoration, so it couldn't be *entirely* deferential. It had to somehow assert itself." Ramus, who exudes the precision and focus of a long-distance swimmer, is tracing the fine line on which the project teeters—a kind of creative tension that became the motivation for the site's most striking external feature: the nearly 5,000 panels of Portuguese marble, arrayed in a mirror configuration on each side of the cube, like a crystallized Rorschach. The idea of a self-contained cube, Ramus says, seemed to honor the idea that rejuvenation could happen from within and radiate outward, and issue some kind of diffuse but powerful healing to the city.

The program, of course, will be central to that, and it is being designed by artistic director Bill Rauch, who formerly led the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. The first new commission—and first world premiere—for the center, *Watch Night,* is a collaboration between the legendary dancer and choreographer Bill T. Jones, poet Marc Bamuthi Joseph, composer Tamar-kali, and dramaturge Lauren Whitehead that draws upon spirituals, opera, and slam poetry. Next year, the center will host Huang Ruo and librettist David Henry Hwang's opera *An American Soldier;* a comedy from the group behind *Reservation Dogs,* which spans 90 years in the life of a fictional Native American family; as well as a reimagined version of Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Cats* set amid the Ballroom culture of the 1970s. And that's just a sampling.

Still, in a city where dozens of established performing arts venues already exist, do we need another one—regardless of how innovative the structure, how unbounded the programming, how important the symbolism? "When the lives of every person in all five boroughs of New York City—no matter their age, neighborhood, walk of life," says Rauch, "when *everybody* has a performing arts–saturated life, then we can begin to talk about *Is there enough?*" □

SHALL WE DANCE
PAC NYC's inaugural season includes *Watch Night,* a collaboration between choreographer Bill T. Jones (CENTER), poet Marc Bamuthi Joseph, composer Tamarkali, and dramaturge Lauren Whitehead, and *Is It Thursday Yet?*, a piece danced by Jenn Freeman (SECOND FROM RIGHT, in a **Proenza Schouler** dress; proenzaschouler.com) and scored by composer-vocalist Holland Andrews (FAR RIGHT, in a **Tory Burch** blazer, top, and pants; toryburch.com). Garcia wears a **Balmain** cape; balmain.com.

NU-WAVE
WARNING
DANGER

SOMETHING'S COOKING
Champion gets whisking with chef Marcus Samuelsson—who will open a restaurant at the center—in a prettily embellished **Miu Miu** halter dress; miumiu.com. **Van Cleef & Arpels** earrings.

BETWEEN THE BARS
Bracketed by steely scaffolding—and set off by the building's dazzling Portuguese marble panels—Shi leans into a sense of romance in an **Alaïa** couture dress; maison-alaia.com.

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE

As the center prepares for its September opening, model Paloma Elsesser's glistening **Loewe** coat (loewe.com) sets a standard for an elegant finish. In this story: hair, Joey George; makeup, Fulvia Farolfi for Chanel Beauty. Grooming for Marcus Samuelsson, Elika Hilata. Details, see In This Issue.

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The Long Run

Maryland's governor Wes Moore is a former Rhodes Scholar and paratrooper inspiring great expectations. His message? Service will save us. By Taylor Antrim. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.

REPORTING FOR DUTY

Maryland Democratic governor Wes Moore at Government House, his official residence in Annapolis.

Sittings Editor: Chloe Malle.

On a spring day, Maryland's capital, Annapolis, has a toy-box air—colonial row houses neatly ordered along brick-laid streets, the Chesapeake glittering in the harbor. Midshipmen from the Naval Academy, nearing graduation, show their families around in their dress whites. There are no fewer than three places on Main Street to get ice cream.

At the center of it all are Government House, a century-old residence in the Georgian style, and just a stone's throw away, the oldest functioning capitol building in the country, Maryland's State House, which dates to 1772. The two are ringed by lawns, wrought iron, shaded by oak trees, and it is inside this cosseted enclave of American history that you'll find the state's 44-year-old governor, Wes Moore.

It is hard not to think about good luck and good fortune coming here: a picturesque city and a charmed life within it. Moore will tell you himself that his life has been charmed. "My journey has been *littered* with luck," he says. In fact, it's the mythos behind his hurtling political career: Moore, a history-making Democrat, the state's first Black governor, who slipped through a system that too often holds back people like him. Raised in a Maryland suburb and then in the Bronx by a single mother after his father died, suddenly, when he was just three, Moore got himself to Johns Hopkins, to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship, to the Army, and to the White House Fellowship Program. And now he's a political star to whom many on the left are attaching towering expectations. "He's a politician cast in the Obama mode, and not just because he's African American," says MSNBC host and commentator Joy Reid. "It's because of his style of politics—a very aspirational, sort of affirming style, which is almost archaic in our hyperpartisan moment."

What lessons are we to draw from a story of good luck in 2023—especially when luck is bestowed upon a Black American? "I wrestle with what my story means all the time," Moore tells me when I meet him in his lightly furnished office at the State House—a handsome, high-ceiling room that, more than four months since his inauguration, he still seems to have barely moved into. His dress shirt sleeves are rolled up, a class ring from Valley Forge Military Academy and College adorns his right hand. "Because if I'm not intentional, my story can be weaponized to draw the absolute wrong conclusions. People saying things like, 'Well, *he* did it. And therefore everybody can.' "

The opposite message is at the heart of his best-selling 2010 memoir, *The Other Wes Moore,* the book that first made him a star, and one that sets his astonishing rise against the path of a young Black man also named Wes Moore, who grew up in Baltimore and who became entangled in drugs and went to prison for first-degree murder. It's a book taught in schools and is meant to spark discussion about race and the vicissitudes of opportunity and privilege in America. *There but for the grace of God* is its theme, and Moore, the grandson of a Jamaican minister on his mother's side, speaks with emotion about it more than a decade later: "Luck should not be a prerequisite," he says. "Unfortunately, we as a society have become much too comfortable with the idea of exceptions. They allow us to get to bed at night. So there's a level of complicity that I have. The caution of a single story."

"The idea of a *collective* measurement of growth seems to be passé," Moore says. "But I think that there is very much a yearning to be a part of something bigger"

The paradox is right there in his bearing, the buoyancy in his gaze, the way he alights his attention on you and listens, but also easily draws you onto his side. This guy *is* singular. "He commands authority," says former secretary of state Condoleezza Rice, who Moore worked for when he was a White House Fellow. "He's got a kind of presence about him," she says. "He's really solidly grounded in who he is." His friend and mentor, the three-star Army lieutenant general Michael Fenzel, says: "He has this level of empathy that I think is incredibly uncommon. Character with a capital C." Baltimore barber Derick Ausby Sr. first met Moore 30 years ago when he came into his shop as a teenager needing a trim. "A man of great dignity, morals, and respect," says Ausby (who now cuts Moore's son Jamie's hair too). Even a Republican mayor in Maryland, Jack Coburn, texted me this when I contacted him about Moore: "Our governor is one remarkable man!"

The praise is a little overwhelming and it maybe sets Moore on delicate footing, politically speaking. National politics loves a new star, if sometimes to watch him flame out. "The challenge in front of him," says University of Baltimore president Kurt Schmoke, and the former mayor of that city for more than a decade, "is to resist the siren call of the National Democratic Party. I know some folks want to start talking about him as a national candidate already. And I just think that's something that he's got to resist. I mean, the guy is a star, but in my view—and I've said this to him—if he's going to be successful in the long run, he has to demonstrate a really solid record as a governor."

Moore seems to be taking Schmoke's advice. Rarely in the time I spent with him did he bring up national politics. We met in the midst of the debt-ceiling fight, on a day when Florida governor Ron DeSantis was telling GOP donors that Donald Trump couldn't win in 2024; Montana had just banned TikTok. Moore focused instead on the number of children living in poverty along Maryland's Eastern Shore and on what he called "the fever of violence" in his state. He'd recently passed gun control legislation in Maryland, which barred weapons from locations like schools, day care centers, and churches, legislation that had quickly earned him a lawsuit from the NRA. "Sue me," he declares. "I cringe at this idea that I'm violating rights. What about the rights of the individual to be able to walk into a church and know that they can worship without fear of someone coming in with a weapon? What about the right of someone to drop their toddler off without knowing there are people walking around with firearms?" He also spoke about Maryland's SERVE Act, the law he was most proud of from his first legislative session, one that would fund young Marylanders through a year of public service after high school. Service is something of a credo

for Moore, almost a sacred idea. "I believe service will save us," he says. "And our society needs some saving now."

At 44, married, and with two children, Moore is solidly Gen X, but he appears almost ageless, with no worry lines on his face, and he brims with the can-do spirit of an athlete who has just bounded out of a weight room. When he launched his longshot campaign for governor in the spring of 2021, aiming to flip Maryland's State House from red to blue, he was a newcomer in a crowded Democratic primary with among the least name recognition in the bunch, that best-selling memoir notwithstanding. His steady march up the polls, he says, was first driven by young people. (An endorsement from Oprah didn't hurt.) "They gave us a lift and bump early," he says. But when he talks about Gen Z, his assessment has an element of critique. "I think there is this pride of individualism," he says. "This idea of, how can you separate and break out? You see it in the use of social media, or gaming, et cetera—it's all very individual. About brand building." The contrast he likes to draw is with Army basic training, an experience that changed his life and set him on the course that has put him here. "When you first start off in basic, no matter where you come from, no matter what your background is, there's a breakdown of the individual," he says. "They treat you horribly. You're a plebe and you suck and it sucks." But that's the point. Breaking down the individual is the only way to build up a collective, a shared sense of purpose. "Everything turns from me to we," he says. "Everything turns from I to us."

The words *basic training* may not read as a clarion call to America's young and very online, but it is what, he argues, the country needs and is longing for right now. It's a way out of the fetishization of the self. An exit from what he calls our "individual cones, the creation of our own individual identities and avatars." *The caution of a single story,* I think, listening to him, spotting on his otherwise bare desk a faux stack of books, their spines assembled to display a quote from John F. Kennedy: THINGS DO NOT HAPPEN. THINGS ARE MADE TO HAPPEN.

"The idea of a *collective* measurement of growth seems to be passé," Moore laments. "But I think that there is very much a yearning to be a part of something bigger."

The morning after our interview is the Friday before the Preakness Stakes, a big weekend on Maryland's social calendar and a busy day for Moore and his family. I've arrived at Government House early so that I can catch a ride with the governor to Coppin State University, a historically Black institution in West Baltimore, where he is due to give the commencement address. Just after I get there, Moore's kids, Mia, 12, and Jamie, 9, begin streaming out the door to school, strung with backpacks, toting sports equipment and dance paraphernalia. Moore's wife, Dawn, is right behind them, seeing them off, and I duck around the corner with her security detail, as her adviser warns me she's still in her pajamas. It's a reminder, if I needed one, that Government House may be a historical monument, but it's also a real home for a young family, one with demanding schedules and reliably timed bursts of chaos.

NEW HOPE
Moore with his wife Dawn, son Jamie, and daughter Mia at his inauguration in January. FACING PAGE: The young governor (FAR LEFT) with his mother and sisters.

I was especially eager to meet Maryland's first lady as she's a veteran of state politics, someone who might make her husband seem like even more of a neophyte. "When he decided to run, I was like, This was really my wheelhouse," Dawn says. "I was a thousand percent in." She grew up in Queens—her father was a crane operator with a high school degree, her mother a schoolteacher—and she went to college in Maryland. In her 20s she worked for Maryland governor Parris N. Glendening, and to live in Government House as first lady, a place where she toiled as a young staffer, still staggers her a little—not to mention the history being made. "This is a home that has never had a family of color in it," she says. She wants to open it up, and has hung a portrait of the abolitionist Frederick Douglass at the entry, so that it is impossible to miss when people visit.

The other reason I wanted to talk to Dawn is that the governor told me a story I wanted her version of. In 2006, when they were dating and very much in love, he told Dawn that he'd been called up to active duty and was being sent to Afghanistan. He said he had no choice but to deploy—but this was not actually true. He'd worked relentlessly to transfer from the reserves into the 82nd Airborne. "One of the finest units in the military," Lieutenant General Fenzel told me. "And I can't begin to tell you how hard it is to go from being a reservist to being activated into that unit." Moore kept all his effort—the phone calls, emails, and lobbying on his own behalf—from Dawn. "I knew if I told her that I volunteered, it would be a problem," Moore said.

"About two weeks before he left for Afghanistan, Wes asked me to marry him," Dawn tells me. And if she'd known it was his own choice to deploy, "I would have done my best to talk him out of it." She ultimately realized he'd raised his hand to go. "Something like that could cause a challenge in a relationship," she says lightly, "but it didn't. I knew by that time who I was with. I knew that's who he was. He never wanted to feel coddled because he was this Rhodes Scholar."

She tells me a story of her own. One night not long after they met, while Moore was still studying in England, a blizzard was headed for Maryland, where Dawn lived. "I was so excited because Wes was visiting, and he was like, 'I'll come over for the blizzard.' I'm thinking this is going to be the most romantic evening. And, I kid you not, he was in my house not more than an hour before he said, 'I'm gonna go outside and help your neighbors shovel out.' " Dawn laughs. "I was like, Oh, God—I guess he's not into me. But that is who he is. He cannot sit still. He can't watch other people serve."

"The simple life is not what I do," is how Moore puts it. "And Dawn very much

THIS PAGE AND OPPOSITE: COURTESY OF WES MOORE.

rolls with it." The two eloped when Moore returned on a brief leave from Afghanistan—his grandfather had died and so he had permission to attend the funeral. Moore knew if something were to happen to him in combat, the Army would treat a wife differently from a fiancée, so they made their way to a Las Vegas wedding chapel. "Literally, Elvis Presley married us," Moore says.

"God gives you what you can handle," Dawn says about their life together, then and now. They both exercise, relentlessly. Moore played football at Valley Forge and Johns Hopkins and was passionate about basketball growing up. "I'm pretty religious about the gym," he tells me. "It's as much mental as it is anything else." Weekday mornings at 6 a.m. he's at the Naval Academy, training with the football team's strength and conditioning coach, Bryan Fitzpatrick. "He said, 'I'll leave you alone if you want, or if you want to work out together, we can get after it.' " Huge smile from Moore: "I was like, Oh, you just *challenged* me. Okay! Let's get after it."

Dawn works out three to four days a week and plays tennis. For her there's another dimension to staying fit—managing her multiple sclerosis, a condition she revealed publicly only this year. It's a benign, relapsing-remitting course, which means symptoms come and go and "you're sort of waiting for the other shoe to drop," she says. "Like, am I gonna have an episode tomorrow? If you feel a little bit of a tingling or a twitch or something, you're like, Is that MS?" Moore encouraged her to go public with her condition after he won the governorship, though she was reluctant to do so. "I have a little bit of survivor's guilt," Dawn says. "Because there are people who have been quite debilitated by this illness. And I didn't know if I was the right person to really talk about it because in my mind I'm not that sick. But Wes said, 'You don't know how many people you will affect who will see you as doing great with this. It gives them hope.' "

Plenty of busy couples lead not so simple lives. But bringing young children into a burgeoning political career is another thing. Prior to running for governor, Moore was the CEO of the Robin Hood Foundation, New York's stalwart anti-poverty nonprofit, and for four years he commuted between Manhattan and the North Baltimore house he and Dawn had settled into, surely missing all kinds of milestones in Mia's and Jamie's early years. Now CONTINUED ON PAGE 344

FAMILY TIES
"There's nothing that I want more than for them to essentially remain unaffected by this stuff," Moore says of Jamie, 9, and Mia, 12. Dawn wears a Tory Burch shirtdress. In this story: hair, Arianna Shields; makeup, Jackie Cyrille. Details, see In This Issue.

The Point of the Past

Early on, Zadie Smith became something of a reluctant poster child for multicultural Britain. Her new, historical novel excavates her country's history. Zing Tsjeng goes along for the journey. Photographed by Tyler Mitchell.

I'M SPENDING THE morning with Zadie Smith, and she's taking me to a cemetery. It's Kensal Green Cemetery, to be exact, the largest one in London. (The interred include Thackeray and a few minor royals which, Smith informs me, is the sign of a "respectable" graveyard.) "Ready to get our legs stung?" she asks, as we veer off the gravel path and plunge into thick undergrowth. I'm more concerned about Smith, who is dressed in denim dungaree shorts, a black tank top—"Walmart," she says apologetically—and Palmaira sandals that look pretty timeworn. Will the literary establishment forgive me if I let one of its finest living novelists trip over an overgrown tombstone and sprain her ankle?

Smith—now 47, having spent the last few decades briskly dispensing of the condescending literary ingenue label that attached itself, remora-like, in the wake of her 2000 debut, *White Teeth*—is in adventure mode. Various local maps have been shoved under her armpit with determination. That leonine face and the striking, wide-set eyes are today mostly covered up with a cheerfully giant pair of sunglasses, the signature headwrap discarded in favor of braids with golden hair rings. The effect is less artistic luminary and more cool downtown aunt at a farmers market.

Beneath the muggy London sun, one can almost forget that Smith is the winner of numerous awards, including the Women's Prize for Fiction and a twice-named *Granta* best young novelist, before she aged out of the category. "I'm very sad about getting old," she declares, not sounding remotely sad about it, "but I'm trying to take it on the chin." *White Teeth* was named by *Time* as one of the 100 best English novels—not bad for someone straight out of university. Her nonfiction has run in British *Vogue, The New Yorker,* and *The New York Review of Books,* which she finds particularly pleasing as it also published both Joan Didion and Susan Sontag. (Seriously, her review of *Tár* will make you see the film in a totally new light.) "When it comes to novelists, from a British perspective, there's no one who has had more of an influence on me," author Caleb Azumah Nelson—both a Smith fan and friend—tells me over the phone, the same month his second book, *Small Worlds,* hits the UK's *Sunday Times* best-seller list. "So often I read her turns of phrase and I'm astounded."

Today, though, rather than the coolly elegant, intellectual Smith—the one who sang jazz standards to earn money as an English student at Cambridge—I'm getting a taste of Smith the tour guide; one who swears like a trooper, laughs often, and is easily distracted by an interesting gravestone. "Ooh, look at this," she yells, breaking off to stride toward yet another moldering tomb. "Cumberbatch. Do you think…? There's only one family of Cumberbatches, I feel."

We are valiantly attempting to find the graves of Eliza Touchet and William Harrison Ainsworth, two characters from her searingly original new book, *The Fraud*—her first foray into historical fiction. Set in 1873, some 40 years after Britain's Slavery Abolition Act, the book masterfully depicts post-emancipation Britain as it ruptures along fault lines of class and race. Our quest to find Touchet and Ainsworth, on the other hand, is not going well. "All right, I'm going to focus for a second," she says decisively, unfurling one of her maps. "Maybe we should go all the way and take that path to Ainsworth first."

It is Smith's sixth novel, but her oeuvre also includes three essay compilations, a collection of short stories, a children's book, a novella, and the script for her Chaucer adaptation, *The Wife of Willesden,* which played in London in 2021 and New York earlier this year. And that's before you factor in all the other bits and pieces she does just for fun, such as singing with the BBC Symphony Orchestra and doing backing vocals for Jon Batiste, the Oscar-winning co-composer of Pixar's *Soul.* Oh, and she wears clothes beautifully. She's graced the Prada front row and is a Miu Miu shoe superfan. Rachel Comey is her favorite designer. ("I waste a lot of money on fashion. I have a very clear idea of my body and what looks good to me," she explains. "I don't want to look at how much it costs. I have an entirely guilt-laden relationship with it.") She also counts Loewe creative director JW Anderson as a friend. He hails from the same corner of Northern Ireland as her husband, the poet Nick Laird. "It's like Cookstown meets Paris," she says of Anderson. "Your brain explodes."

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SPEAKS VOLUMES

Smith's new novel, *The Fraud* (Penguin Press, $29), is out in September. Chloé dress. Alexander McQueen necklace. Hair, Cyndia Harvey; makeup, Hiromi Ueda. Details, see In This Issue. Styling by Julia Sarr-Jamois.

SET DESIGN: JULIA WAGNER. PRODUCTION: HOLMES PRODUCTION.

Good Thing Going

Once dismissed and derided, Stephen Sondheim and George Furth's *Merrily We Roll Along* triumphantly returns to Broadway. Revived and reinvented—or showing the heart it's had all along? By Marley Marius. Photographed by Norman Jean Roy.

HEY, OLD FRIENDS!

FROM FAR LEFT: Actors Jonathan Groff, Lindsay Mendez, and Daniel Radcliffe (all in costume) star this fall in *Merrily We Roll Along* at New York's Hudson Theatre.

Sittings Editor: Max Ortega.

On a chilly day in early February, Jonathan Groff, Daniel Radcliffe, and Lindsay Mendez are huddled on a couch in a photo studio in Queens. Not three weeks after *Merrily We Roll Along* ended its off-Broadway run at the New York Theatre Workshop, gathering again for a photo shoot has made all of the actors cry. (An amused publicist thinks it was the sight of their old costumes, by Soutra Gilmour, that set everyone off.) "It's just really settling in that we're taking this to Broadway," offers Mendez, a Tony winner for Bartlett Sher's 2018 revival of *Carousel.* "It's a big dream for us to get to shepherd this piece, which means so much to so many people, and yet has never gotten its proper due."

"To hear the overture on Broadway…?" Groff adds. "I'm gonna *die.*"

Forty-two years ago this fall, *Merrily We Roll Along*—a musical adaptation of George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart's somewhat obscure 1934 play of the same name—opened at the Alvin Theatre (now the Neil Simon) on West 52nd Street. Directed by Hal Prince, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by George Furth, it represented the triad's first collaboration since *Company* a decade earlier; a work that, after its own premiere at the Alvin, racked up 14 Tony nominations and became an era-defining hit.

Merrily follows three friends—Frank, a composer turned film producer; Charley, a lyricist and playwright; and Mary, the journalist and critic gluing them together—over roughly 20 years, working backward from their jaded, fractious 40s to their first meeting as bright-eyed 20-somethings, full of wonder as they spot Sputnik from a rooftop. Keen to make the piece a showcase for young performers, Prince cast actors very early in their careers (among them a 22-year-old Jason Alexander, long before he became *Seinfeld*'s George Costanza, and, in the chorus, a 20-year-old Liz Callaway) and commissioned a set made up of moving bleachers and gym lockers.

The repeated motifs of Sondheim's score—inspired by brassy Broadway musicals of the 1950s—riffed on the story's reverse chronology. ("How did you get to be here?" is the title song's loaded refrain.) And *Merrily* made good sense in the composer-lyricist's oeuvre, both throwing a doleful glance at dreams of the past as his *Follies*—about a reunion of former showgirls—had done years earlier, and anticipating *Sunday in the Park with George*'s preoccupation with the troubles of being an artist. Yet *Merrily* was a giant flop, lasting only 16 performances. In *The New Yorker,* Brendan Gill knocked its underdeveloped script, "negligible" choreography, and dusty source material. "Mr. Sondheim has given this evening a half dozen songs that are crushing and beautiful," observed Frank Rich in *The New York Times*. "But the show that contains them is a shambles….We keep waiting for some insight into these people—that might make us understand, if not care, about them." The challenge of *Merrily* is that its structure plunges you into dynamics and conflicts that have been decades in the making. However lovely the songs, can the characters' hurt and resentment really resonate when you've only just met them—and they're played by people barely out of high school? At the following year's Tonys, *Merrily* eked out a single nomination for Sondheim's score, made up of now beloved numbers like "Old Friends" and "Not a Day Goes By," but didn't win.

The rewriting and reworking began immediately. With input from James Lapine, who would replace Prince as Sondheim's principal collaborator for the next decade, *Merrily* was workshopped in regional theaters across America until 1992, when it went to the Leicester Haymarket Theatre in England. There, Sondheim would later say, "we finally got the show we wanted."

THEIR TIME

Mendez wears a Tory Burch shirt. Pomellato earring. OPPOSITE: Groff wears a Gucci jacket. Pants from The Row. Grooming, Amy Komorowski.

Some iteration of that script would guide revivals of *Merrily* for the next 30 years, including an Encores! presentation led by Lin-Manuel Miranda and Celia Keenan-Bolger in 2012 and an ambitious movie adaptation from Richard Linklater, announced in 2019, that stars Paul Mescal, Ben Platt, and Beanie Feldstein and is being filmed over 20 years. While those versions were greeted with various degrees of warmth or

anticipation, it's safe to say that none had the rapturous reception of the sold-out production at the New York Theatre Workshop last winter. "Is this production finally, forty years later, the definitive 'Merrily'?" asked *The New Yorker,* while the *Times*' glowing review announced: "'Merrily We Roll Along' Returns, the Way It Never Was."

In the Broadway production, opening this September at the Hudson Theatre, Groff stars as Frank, in turns slickly handsome, roiled with conflict, and sparky as a golden retriever; Radcliffe as an endearingly neurotic Charley; and Mendez as Mary, whose wide smile conceals great depths of longing (namely, for Frank). It arrived amid a wave of Sondheim revivals, developed shortly before his death in November 2021, from a gender-swapped *Company,* brought over from the West End, to pared-back stagings of *Assassins* and *Into the Woods,* to a no-holds-barred production of *Sweeney Todd,* complete with a 26-piece orchestra. (His final musical, *Here We Are,* a long-gestating collaboration with playwright David Ives, will premiere at The Shed this fall.)

> "I keep wanting people not only to like it, but to appreciate George's work," Sondheim once said. "It's the Dickensian child in the corner"

But *Merrily* was a special case. Sondheim had never forgotten the sting of its early reception, nor had he ever stopped rooting for new versions to succeed. "I keep wanting people not only to like it, but to appreciate George [Furth]'s work," he told the writer D. T. Max in a series of conversations published in 2022 as the book *Finale.* "It's the Dickensian child in the corner."

This version of *Merrily* is directed by Maria Friedman, who has had a long history with the work, playing Mary in that all-important production in Leicester back in 1992. It proved a formative experience in every way, not least because of Sondheim's presence in the rehearsal room. "It was very stimulating—incredibly exacting—but my goodness, they laughed," Friedman says of Sondheim and Furth. "I think it was one of the great things that tipped me in the right direction with this piece. It's *funny.* I'm always looking for the lights, looking for the chinks, looking for the cracks where you can breathe hope."

Friedman leaned into those instincts at London's Royal Central School of Speech and Drama, where she was invited to direct students in a little production of *Merrily* years later, in 2010. Other important takeaways followed. "I was so shocked that the whole show wasn't about Mary," she says with a laugh. "And the second thing I realized: It *cannot* be done by people in their 20s. It just can't. The first half is all about

ROLL CALL

Radcliffe wears a Balenciaga jacket and pants. Boglioli sweater. Vans sneaker. Grooming, Tanya Pacht. In this story: hair, Ilker Akyol; makeup, Francelle Daly for Love+Craft+Beauty. Details, see In This Issue.

people who have arrived, done things, lost things, missed things, made mistakes. And you've gotta know that in your guts."

Still, her show found an enthusiastic audience. After one run-through, Friedman spotted two people sobbing in the theater when the lights came up; they were, to her surprise, her younger sister, producer Sonia Friedman, and David Babani, artistic director of the Menier Chocolate Factory, who had sneaked in together. Over coffee the next day, Sonia urged Friedman to try her hand at a professional production (it would be her directorial debut) at the Chocolate Factory, an off–West End incubator in central south London. "She said, 'David wants to do this.' So I just said yes."

Audiences thrilled to what they saw when *Merrily* opened in 2012. (So did Sondheim. After attending a rehearsal, he was overcome: "He always cried a lot," Friedman said in an interview last year, "but he couldn't move.") Radcliffe saw Friedman's production after its transfer to the West End in 2013, where it won best musical at the Evening Standard Theatre Awards and the Olivier for best musical revival. Unaware of its troubled history, he was captivated by Damian Humbley's performance as Charley. "I didn't have any of that baggage with it. I just thought, Oh, this is really good, and I would love to play that part," Radcliffe says.

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SET DESIGN: VIKI RUTSCH.

"The piece is the piece; it speaks for itself," says the show's director. "And as long as we keep the integrity of that and the joy and the warmth and the love and the storytelling—it should sing"

Friedman would take the production to Boston's Huntington Theatre, where it ran during the 2017–2018 season, before finally staging it in New York.

For Groff, doing *Merrily* felt fated. "I had just reached this point in my life where I was really looking back and reflecting on relationships that I suddenly realized were almost two decades old," he explains. He later learned that Radcliffe and Mendez had done their own "first big New York shows" (revivals of *Equus* and *Grease,* respectively) at around the same time. This was no small thing, as they approached a story as concerned with the vicissitudes of a career in the performing arts as anything else. "The people that start young and then stay in it well into adulthood tend to *love* it," Radcliffe says. "They tend to be doing it because there is something in their bones that makes them want to do this. And I think we all have that." Adds Mendez, "There's an unspoken-ness between us. There's a lot of trust, and a lot of teamwork." (When I ask Friedman about her stars' touching natural chemistry, she tells me that in *Merrily,* Sondheim has "written love songs. He's written about losing love, wanting love, missing love, despair, all the things, but it's all around love." So, in the year that she spent building her New York cast, "I looked for loving people.")

For all intents and purposes, the Broadway revival is the same show that ran at the New York Theatre Workshop. Not only do both productions share the same actors—including Katie Rose Clarke as Frank's estranged first wife, Beth; *Hamilton* alumna Krystal Joy Brown as his glamorous second wife, Gussie; and Reg Rogers as Joe, the producer behind the first hit show that Frank and Charley write together—but the same creative and production team, too. "We had a big break between the New York Theatre Workshop and going to Broadway, and every single person has come with it. They all took other jobs in order to be able to do this job," Friedman says. "It just cast a spell over us all."

As they move into the Hudson—which Friedman selected for its intimate-feeling scale (of Broadway's 41 active theaters, it's one of only nine that seats under 1,000 people)—she is keen to protect that enchantment. "I am absolutely determined not to do anything different," Friedman says. "The piece is the piece; it speaks for itself. And as long as we keep the integrity of that and the joy and the warmth and the love and the storytelling—it should sing." This has more or less been her line from the beginning. "One of the things that Maria has said from day one is, 'I have not changed a lyric of this show or a word of the script. I am doing this show as written,' " Groff says. "It's not like she's doing a *take* on *Merrily.* She really believes in the piece itself without adding any sort of flashy concept."

It's material that tends to meet people where they're at, yielding a new interpretation every time. Is Frank a smug sellout, or is Charley just a snob? Is the drunken, brittle Mary that we meet at the top of the show a terror or a truth-teller? Will the three friends ever be friends again? "Six people in the audience will have six different reactions," Friedman says. But in her view, *Merrily* is far from the bleak show business send-up that critics excoriated in 1981. To Friedman, it is "funny and fragile and delicate." Its greatest lesson is that "we must very, very gently remind ourselves to stay present in the moment, and don't pretend we've got the answers to life, because we haven't."

In an interview with *The New York Times* shortly before he died, Sondheim broke the news of *Merrily*'s coming off-Broadway production, possibly to "make sure it happened," Friedman suggests. Yet once he was gone, she was stricken; it took the urging of Sondheim's friends and family, including his widower, Jeff Romley, to persuade her to go on with the show. That it finally became one of the hottest tickets in town is not an irony lost on Friedman: "When he first did it, you could have given away buckets."

Then as now, her deepest regret is that Sondheim is not alive to see the production, but she knows that he would have delighted in *Merrily*'s return to Broadway. Her only hope is that after all these years, audiences are ready to receive it. "It's a profound piece," Friedman says. "If it gets you, it stays with you and makes you ask questions. And if it doesn't get you, it's got some great tunes." □

Pure Imagination

At Glyn Cywarch, in northwestern Wales, romantic silhouettes—and a restless sense of play—meet a grand and storied setting. Yet, as Amanda Harlech writes, her family's 400-year-old estate simply feels like home. Photographed by Sean Thomas.

THIS OLD HOUSE
Glyn Cywarch's handsome façade. OPPOSITE PAGE, BACK ROW, FROM LEFT: Model Ella Richards wears **Miu Miu.** Musician Alfie Husband, of the band Deadletter, wears a **Gucci** jacket. Landscape designer Miranda Brooks wears a **Sacai** vest and pants. FRONT ROW, FROM LEFT: Kult Kitchen founder Moon Bedeaux wears a **Maison Margiela** coat. Tallulah Harlech wears a **Burberry** trench coat. Dancer Francesca Hayward wears a **Proenza Schouler** coat.
Fashion Editors: Amanda and Tallulah Harlech.
Home Editor: Miranda Brooks.

COUNTRY GIRLS
As summer turns to fall, British *Vogue* contributing editor Tish Weinstock and Richards ditch blousy linens and cut-off shorts for full-fledged (and full-length) glamour. Both wear dresses from **Standing Ground**; standing-ground.com.

INSIDE STORY

Brooks's whippet Cuckoo steals a glimpse of the Long Room, with its Pleyel piano ("Very good for playing Chopin or Debussy," Harlech notes) and handsome sconces, copied from a pair that Harlech has at home in Shropshire.

I first remember visiting Glyn Cywarch with my then fiancé, Francis. It must have been about 1984.

I remember the drive there, across the two mountain ranges between the town of Harlech and our house in Shropshire. And I remember thinking how it got more and more impossibly romantic on the way, with Snowdon, the deep valleys, and then great tidal waves of mountains coming toward you—and the sea. From a distance you could see Harlech Castle to the southwest, which stood out like a little broken tooth on the promontory.

Francis's father, William David Ormsby Gore, the fifth Baron Harlech (just David to friends), and his wife, Pamela Harlech, had invited us to dinner, and I was a bit wide-eyed about the whole thing. Pamela had refurbished Glyn Cywarch's ancient manor house, which had been in the family since 1616, in the 1970s—filling it with deep pile carpets and gleaming wood and silver—and my sense was of extreme comfort: a tapestry of personalities and history and warmth.

Francis and I were married in 1986, and then along came our son, Jasset, and daughter, Tallulah. After that, we would spend a theoretical half-year in Wales—all of Christmas, all of Easter, then the whole summer. The sadness was that Francis's father had died in 1985, and inheriting the house came with towering death duties, and the puzzle of making it all work. But I left that

LEAP OF FAITH

Hayward is airborne in a feather-light, layered jacket and top, both from **Miu Miu**; miumiu.com. OPPOSITE PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Light streaming through the double doors of the gatehouse; Tallulah in **Charvet** pajamas (Bergdorf Goodman) and Richards in a **Chloé** dress (chloe.com); cuttings from the garden; actor Lydia West in an **Altuzarra** dress; modaoperandi.com.

FAMILY BUSINESS
Hayward is all aglow in a **Gucci** minidress; gucci.com. OPPOSITE PAGE: "We worked with great enthusiasm and innocence, Jasset, Tallulah, and I," says Amanda Harlech (TOP RIGHT) of renovating the house with her children. TOP LEFT: Richards wears a printed **Loewe** dress; loewe.com.

We had Easter egg hunts that went on for hours, and there were secret places in the garden. It was wild and wonderful

to him, and worried chiefly about making Glyn Cywarch a home.

We would fill the house up with friends; at one point I felt like I was running a hotel, for all the bed-making and trips down to the beach before breakfast and then up to the waterfalls for a picnic. We had Easter egg hunts that went on for hours, with really difficult clues that went up into the woods, or to the crenelated little folly, and there were secret places in the garden. It was wild and wonderful.

Once, I showed Franca Sozzani some pictures that a friend of mine, Tessa Traeger, had taken when we'd had a whole gang staying at the house. We'd all been dressing up and going into the woods and putting branches on our heads, and I think Franca saw the freedom and the sense of the eternal child in them—all of which was very Bruce Weber. So, he came and photographed our family, friends, horses, and dogs for *Vogue* Italia in 1997. It rained and rained, as it does in Wales, but nobody seemed to mind.

After Francis died, in 2016, and the house passed to Jasset, I remember saying to him that some places are so spiritually linked with an ancient family—to the point that the stone steps have been worn away by generations, and the land has been loved and treasured and known like the palm of somebody's hand—they're irreplaceable. He determined, therefore, that after paying the taxman (which he did with the profits from an enormous sale of furniture, art, and jewelry at Bonhams in 2017) he would keep the estate and restore a house that was in really bad condition. There had been fire damage, water damage, ivy growing inside—you name it. It was a Grade II*–listed building, teetering on the edge of ruin. One had to do the right thing.

Now, seven years on, what's changed? The grand façade looks the same, just beautifully repaired. The inside is very different. We couldn't take it back to being Jacobean—it already had its '70s thumbprint, and Grade II*–listed buildings (identified as "particularly important buildings of more than special interest") can't be significantly altered without consent from local authorities—so we found work-arounds. If the flagstones in the Long Room had been ripped up and replaced by parquet laid onto concrete 50 years ago, our idea was to add under-floor heating and a beautiful polished cement overlay that would have the feel and the warmth of flagstones.

We worked with great enthusiasm and innocence, Jasset, Tallulah, and I. Jasset took on the finances and big exterior elements, like repairing the roof. And he was brilliantly correct in working to take the house off of fossil fuels; it's entirely heated by the heat pump in a waterfall.

Tallulah and I did what you might term interior decorating, but operating solely on vision and feel. We had a very strict budget, but we wanted elegance and refinement, even if in a very laid-back way. So everything had to be perfect: every tap, every bath, every shower. We placed *a lot* of orders on Etsy.

I'm proud of so many rooms. I love the Coronet Room, with its curving windows. I had a beautiful Fendi mattress in what we call the Elizabethan Room, so I asked a friend of mine to make a bed using the bits of Jacobean carving that we found around a fireplace in another building; we figured out that they had actually come from a four-poster bed.

WELSH PASTORAL
Ellis Wynne (1671–1734), for whom Glyn Cywarch's Poet's Room is named, described "shady groves fit for every secret intrigue" in *The Visions of the Sleeping Bard*—and between the lush lime avenue, sly smiles, and splendid **Balenciaga** dresses (balenciaga.com), this scene has all of that in abundance.

DISCREET CHARMS

ABOVE: Bedeaux gets cooking in a **Ferragamo** dress; ferragamo.com. RIGHT: Richards looks fit to be painted by Sargent in her strappy, berry-colored **Fendi** dress; fendi.com.

I love the Poet's Room, where Ellis Wynne once wrote and, we believe, drew the dragons and flora on the walls. We converted the loft space—with its overflowing old suitcases and hampers beneath the exposed beams and rafters—into what will be a yoga room. I love the dining room because of the fireplace, but the Long Room has two of them.

Outside, my friend Sarah Husband has created a garden that's exquisitely romantic, with these little hidden places—like it had when the children were small—but she's also opened it up. The walled garden has a couple of ancient, pleached apple trees and a lime avenue, and Sarah's brilliant and rebellious idea was to disrupt its perfect geometry by opening one side of it to naturalized bulbs, wildflowers, and nut trees—in other words, to create a nuttery, bring the birds in, and get rid of the huge border, which was difficult to manage. On the other side of the trees will be a potager, in time. We share our 5,000 acres with farmers, and to help support the estate we've started renting out the house and making it available for events, but there is still an infinite list of things to do around the property.

Glyn Cywarch has a very special axis of energy—it feels teeming with thought and imagination. Great writers have written there; painters like Turner were drawn to its amazing conjunction between rock, sea, and sky; the queen came to stay. As somebody who saw ghosts once said to me, "This place is filled with so many people exchanging ideas. It's really electrifying—and magical." I like to think of it that way, too. □

AGAINST THE TIDE
Richards makes a splash in a **Balenciaga** coat; balenciaga.com. Tallulah follows suit in a leather **Alexander McQueen** trench coat; alexandermcqueen.com. Husband, at rear, wears a **Loewe** sweater and pants; loewe.com.

THE SEA, THE SEA

Ringed by mountain peaks and coastal beaches, a visit to Glyn Cywarch is like something out of a fairy tale. In this story: hair, Shiori Takahashi; makeup, Mathias van Hooff. Details, see In This Issue.

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YOU GOT SERVED
O'Connor is caught in a tennis love triangle with Zendaya and Mike Faist in Luca Guadagnino's *Challengers*. Gucci coat. S.S. Daley shirt. Watch from Bulgari.
Fashion Editor: Harry Lambert.

Mischief and Magic

In the torrid tennis romance *Challengers,* Josh O'Connor shows he's a leading man of a particular stripe: sensitive, mercurial, and dreamy to the hilt. By Gaby Wood. Photographed by Anton Corbijn.

Despite having won an Emmy and a Golden Globe for his performance as the young Prince Charles in two seasons of *The Crown,* Josh O'Connor was a little surprised to be asked to comment on the coronation last May. "I'm the *least* qualified person," he whispers when we meet for coffee near his home in northwest London a month later.

Aside from observing the way the future king walked and spoke, O'Connor arrived at *The Crown*'s nuanced portrait by considering Charles to be a fictional character, outlined in the script as a burdened man: resented by his father, trapped in a "grotesque misalliance" with a woman he doesn't love, endlessly waiting for his life to take on the meaning for which it is destined. Still, the 33-year-old actor tends to be protective of the characters he's played, and he couldn't help feeling relief when the real Charles ascended to the throne. "I watched the highlights," he says, "and I was glad he got to put on his expensive hat."

O'Connor's own hat today is a faded red baseball cap, under which his face creases readily into cheerfulness. He is six feet two—taller than you might imagine from some

renditions of him onscreen—and his lean, supple frame somehow reinforces the sense of his gentleness. He is known to his friends for leaving funny, wrought, self-deprecating voice notes, and these can be imagined, pretty much, within minutes of meeting him.

Though he's familiar to many viewers thanks to his stint as Prince Charles, and while others may have seen him in *Emma* or *Mothering Sunday,* or in the National Theatre's filmed *Romeo & Juliet* with Jessie Buckley, it was as the complex and inward-looking Yorkshire farmhand in Francis Lee's *God's Own Country* that O'Connor came to the attention of some of his current collaborators. Jonathan Anderson, creative director at Loewe and now a good friend, was drawn to the humility O'Connor radiated onscreen, and instantly sought him out as the face of the Loewe men's line. ("In a weird way, he's the best example of the guy next door," Anderson says.) Luca Guadagnino, who cast him opposite Zendaya and Mike Faist in *Challengers,* the forthcoming tennis-themed love triangle, also wanted to work with him straightaway. Guadagnino found him to be not only "loyal, quirky, and ironic" but "a fierce actor with a striking range of emotions." Fierce and humble: It's this span of

GARDEN LEAVE

Loewe shirt and pants. In this story: grooming, Liz Taw. Details, see In This Issue.

PRODUCED BY THE CURATED CO.; WITH THANKS TO F COOKE PIE & MASH HOXTON.

possible readings that has brought O'Connor to a critical juncture in his creative life.

In order to play Patrick Zweig, the dashing, temperamental, opportunistic tennis player in *Challengers,* O'Connor read Andre Agassi's best-selling autobiography, *Open,* and became "obsessed" with the volatile Australian player Nick Kyrgios. "It's definitely mostly psychological," he says of the sport. "Mind games play a huge part." When he saw Kyrgios doing "really crude things with his water bottle" during a break, he thought, This is like Patrick! and aimed to incorporate it. He trained every day for four weeks with Agassi's former coach Brad Gilbert, and went with Gilbert to see Rafael Nadal play at Wimbledon. Though he fell in love with tennis by the end, as a player he professes to be "still pretty rubbish." (The actors had tennis doubles for the film.) O'Connor's focus was more on everything tennis allows Guadagnino to show of the human psyche: "lust and desire and hatred and jealousy"—all of which emerge from the film in brilliantly agonizing quantities.

Guadagnino knew that he was casting against type. Truth be told, O'Connor struggles with the very idea of competition. Here's how he has spent the past few months: After making the film, he traveled around Europe on his own in a reconditioned DHL delivery truck transformed into a camper van and painted sunflower yellow. He spent the whole of last January doing a ceramics course in Cornwall, and yearns to spend a significant portion of his life making "functional plates and bowls." Having lived in New York for a spell with his former partner, he's now about to buy a house in a village outside Stroud in Gloucestershire—contemporary Britain's answer to the flower-child era. Stroud is the birthplace of the Extinction Rebellion movement and has what O'Connor describes as "Woodstock vibes." It's also near where he grew up. Many of his childhood friends still live in that area, as do his parents. As the middle son of a midwife and an English teacher—and as the grandson of a sculptor and a ceramicist—O'Connor speaks of "inherited hippieness" the way others might refer to inherited wealth. He's looking forward to growing vegetables and planting cherry trees in his new garden, and to having a pottery studio, eventually. "Will you have bees?" I ask, harking back to *The Wonders,* a film by Alice Rohrwacher that he admires. "I'm definitely going to have that," he replies, before adding: "I'm going to have everything!" An expansive grin stretches across his face, suggesting not greed or ambition but an almost boyish commitment to this all-encompassing life.

There is a quality in O'Connor as an actor that's more than openness. It's an almost mystic implication of a world within the person he embodies. Even when he's playing someone who's dissociated, repressed, or sly (Johnny the farm boy, the future King Charles, Patrick the down-and-out tennis star), there is a sense of something lurking:

"Everyone just loves being around Josh," says Jessie Buckley. "He brings out the unseen magic in everyone he comes into contact with"

a further layer the viewer might relate to. Sometimes this layer contains fragility, sometimes it's wrapped in mischief, but whatever it is, in any given character it suggests a story before the story of the script itself has even begun.

Rohrwacher, who directed him in the forthcoming *La Chimera,* sensed something in him that surprised her. O'Connor had seen her previous feature, *Happy as Lazzaro,* and, "spellbound," found a way to get a fan letter to her. When they spoke via Skype, Rohrwacher was preparing a film about a man who was heading toward, in her expression, "the sunset of his life"—a character worn by experience. So she was looking for a much older actor. After the call, Rohrwacher says, she closed her eyes and began to reimagine the whole film around O'Connor. "He suggested something to me about the character that was not his age but something deeper, more interior. Immediately I started to think, Wow, it would be so beautiful to work with him."

Arthur, the Englishman played by O'Connor, lives in a shack on the side of a hill in Italy, and wears, throughout the film, an '80s white linen suit, which gives him, as O'Connor puts it, "something of an angelic nature." A band of Italian grave robbers depends on his gift for dowsing, or "feeling the void," in order to dig for ancient objects buried in Etruscan tombs. Arthur himself, though, is stricken with grief for his dead girlfriend, and is looking for something beyond material treasure.

"My opinion is that it's not spiritual at all," O'Connor reflects. His approach was more practical. "We all have the capacity to see the unseen and to experience the past in a different way. This film fell just a year after my grandmother passed away, and I remember there were a couple of occasions when I really felt her presence. Maybe because I was studying for this film, that world opened up to me."

Rohrwacher was nervous when they were due to shoot the part where Arthur tests the countryside with divining rods—the practice is called CONTINUED ON PAGE 347

Paris, Texas

Daniel Roseberry, the creative director of the Surrealist-rooted Maison Schiaparelli, is the toast of the couture. Nathan Heller finds that his path from the Dallas suburbs to the Place Vendôme is equally out of the ordinary. Photographed by Annie Leibovitz.

Long before the summer showing of Schiaparelli's couture collection, Daniel Roseberry, the house's creative director, gathered his thoughts as he always did: by starting from the future that he hoped to reach. He imagined a review of the collection in the press, and wrote a version of it, line by line. He grew up in Texas and, on arriving in Paris to lead Schiaparelli toward a new phase of growth in 2019, worked to find a narrative order for the rangy span of his creative life. Roseberry loves reviews, their clarity and judgment—given the choice, he'd often rather read reviews of movies than see them. Imagining a critic approaching his fashion helps him find its big emotions, its broad sweep. "If I can identify and anticipate in my mind what people want to see, I can work backward," he explained. "How do I make that review come to life?"

A few months later, Roseberry is assessing a brown felt coat with a swirling, cowl-like lapel being walked up and down the room before him by a model with neat auburn hair. This is Paris, early July, and the couture collection he imagined in the spring will travel down the runway in just two days' time. At the moment, more than two dozen pieces, four tables of accessories, and a cast of models must be matched and gathered into a coherent whole. If he fails, his runway will seem scattershot and random. If he succeeds, the collection will achieve its own daring inevitability: the haunted rightness of a strange dream brought to life.

"Some of these could be good," he murmurs, picking up bonelike gold-and-stone extensions, to be used as earrings.

"Separate?" one of the models asks.

Roseberry nods. "One, two," he says, gesturing at his own ears.

When the jewels have been placed, Roseberry contemplates the revised look, a hand to one side of his silvering beard. At 37, he's of medium height and build, usually dressed in Carhartt work trousers, no belt, track shoes, and athletic socks pulled high. He has a gentle, placid style of speech, like a high school counselor trying to calm a jumpy student; it breaks at times into a bubbly laugh. He grew up a long way from here, he's usually the first to point out, and relishes his incongruities. "I think my work can be summed up in Plano, Texas, Place Vendôme," he says. "Everything that works at Schiaparelli works when the New World starts talking to the Old World and the Old World answers back."

In this moment, the Old World voices are especially strong. Roseberry's team is fitting models in a salon of the exquisite 18th-century French style: high ceilings, double doors. This was the Place Vendôme town house, the Hôtel de Fontpertuis, where for decades Elsa Schiaparelli ran her couture trade. After a renovation—honey-colored herringbone floors, eerie creped plaster over the molding of the third floor, where the

DOUBLE ACT
Designer Daniel Roseberry with actor and writer Michaela Coel, wearing a Schiaparelli satin dress; Maison Schiaparelli, 21 Place Vendôme, Paris.
Fashion Editor: Alex Harrington.

ready-to-wear line is shown—it has been restored as the spiritual center of the brand.

Across her lifetime, Elsa Schiaparelli, born into an eclectic family of Italian scholars in 1890, befriended an array of artists including Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, and Francis Picabia; she made her fashion reputation first in trompe l'oeil knitwear. By the 1930s, when she installed herself in the Place Vendôme, she had carried Surrealism into couture. There was the hat shaped like a high-heel shoe, the Salvador Dalí lobster that she printed on a silk-organza dress. Schiaparelli is today one of the smallest and most exclusive of Paris's heritage houses, a cosseted jewel in the crown of French luxury, but it remains one of the most uncanny, too, a couturier possessed by spooky magic.

When Roseberry became creative director, in 2019, after a decade at Thom Browne, where he'd ended up design director, he was swiftly hailed as Elsa Schiaparelli's 21st-century heritor: a designer who could carry the house's Surrealist affinities into the digital age, reimagining her mystical iconography for a time more haunted by the fame and fantasies of American pop. Tilda Swinton, whom Roseberry has often dressed, describes him as "unnervingly symbiotic in his capacity to channel and take forward the sensibility of not only the house itself but also the person of Elsa Schiaparelli and the atmosphere of the fellowship around her.

"The glee with which he feeds on the detail of Schiaparelli's universe and the boldness with which he owns his authority to interpret this language is incredibly impressive," she adds. It was Roseberry who created the dress—a tailored navy upper, a flowing scarlet skirt, a golden brooch shaped like the dove of peace—in which Lady Gaga performed the national anthem at President Biden's inauguration. And it was Roseberry who, at the Met Gala this past spring, dressed cohost Michaela Coel in an exquisite dress of pearls, celestial ornaments, and an embroidery of 130,000 crystals that took nearly 4,000 hours of work to produce. Roseberry had been Coel's first choice, but she found herself surprised both by the fluency of his process—two fittings, no stress—and by his manner.

"On the day of the Met, we spoke a bit about the dress, but really just about our lives, our human flaws," Coel says. "I found myself able to be really open with Daniel about my absolute fuckery, and it didn't scare him away. He was like, Oh, I know what that's like."

Back in the Place Vendôme, a new model enters the studio, and applause breaks out.

She wears a two-piece garment assembled from more than 12,000 dully shimmering rectangles of leather, puffed up like a duvet gathered about her. Many of the looks in Roseberry's new show were inspired by the work of visual artists and artisans—a nod to Elsa Schiaparelli's creative debts. This piece, one of the most elaborate, was inspired by the marquetry of the interwar furniture designer Jean-Michel Frank.

The model begins to walk her path; then, all at once, she stops. Her eyelids flutter. "She needs to sit down," someone says. Staffers rush to her side; somebody offers a chair. The model folds into the seat like a blade of grass in midday heat. All around her there is now concern, as tailors pull the heavy padded garment from her shoulders and her legs. Water is brought. After a moment, the model slips from the chair onto her knees, and then her hands, prostrating herself as if overcome.

"*Sorry,* my love," she says meekly, finding Roseberry's gaze as she regains herself. "The jacket—it's a little heavy."

As a boy in Texas, Roseberry was tutored in drawing by his mother, Fran, an artist. One of her early lessons was how to work through trouble, when the image he'd created didn't match the perfect picture in his mind. Now the Frank look, a triumph just a few moments ago, is a hot, heavy problem to be solved. "She wore it for 15 minutes," he says. "She—someone—is going to be in this for an *hour.*"

He takes up the pillowy garment and, slowly, as if adjusting a drawing in real time, begins playing with its draping to admit more of a cooling breeze. A tailor pulls pins from his wrist cushion and, catching on, begins to fix the new design in place. An hour later, the model takes on the garment again and tours the room at speed. "It's heavy," she says, weighing it with pleasure, "but okay if you find the balance."

Roseberry's father, David, is an Anglican priest, born again. He and Fran met at a seminary in San Francisco and moved to Plano to help found the church in which their four children would be brought up. The faith, as Daniel explains it, grows from an idea of redemption. "It's the idea that you will chase your tail your entire life trying to be enough and always fail," Roseberry says. "But it's okay, because God sent a savior to be enough, and all you have to do is place your trust in him and surrender your life, and the offshoot of that surrender is peace."

To many people outside the church, the worldview, which was conservative enough to inspire the church to break from mainstream Episcopalianism over the elevation of

THROWING SCHIAPS

LEFT: A Schiaparelli skirt suit and headdress in 1947. BELOW: Model Imaan Hammam in spring 2021 Schiaparelli couture. OPPOSITE PAGE: The house's founder, Elsa Schiaparelli, photographed by Irving Penn in 1948.

a gay bishop, seems austere or worse. But for his parents, Roseberry says, it meant steadfastness and generosity. "My parents, every day of their marriage, have woken up and, in the wee hours, lit a candle," he says. "They sit next to each other on a sofa and they pray for each one of their kids, for each other, for their community. Even if you say they're just meditating together, it is creating a space in which it's not just about the two of them."

From an early age, though, Roseberry felt his own life carry him inward rather that outward. "Most of my childhood memories are drawing," he says—a private, self-expressive pursuit. "I was both shy and needed to be the center of attention." His dream was to become a Disney animator.

"We recognized Daniel as a different kind of child, very talented, very intense," his father recalls. Also, in the rhythm of their lives, a little overwhelming. So they prayed for help and guidance. One day, visiting South Carolina when Roseberry was seven, David and Fran were moved to take him between them as they approached the altar for communion. "We put our arms around him," his father says. "We were just crying our eyes out because we saw this as one of those surrender moments." What they felt themselves surrendering was a parental claim on—maybe even total understanding of—their son.

"We gave him to God," David explains. "And everything changed after that."

On returning to Texas, they enrolled Roseberry and his sister in a different school, with a more artistic focus. When Roseberry was 13, he went to his older brother's wedding in Lubbock. The bride wore a dress made by a local seamstress in the style of Carolina Herrera. "I was *shook*," he says. "When we got in the car to drive back to Dallas, I started to draw the dress the way I would have seen it." It was the end of his ambition to become a Disney animator; when he caught a TV documentary about Michael Kors—a boy from the suburbs, like him—the die was cast. His dream, from then, was to move to New York and become a fashion designer.

This new ambition sat uncomfortably within the context of his church. As long as Roseberry could remember, he says, he felt he was "keeping a secret" from even his family. During his teenage years, as his fashion interests bloomed, that secret took on a vexed name.

"Sex and sexuality were so othered and so wrong," he says. "I was allowed to watch *Die Hard* when I was three years old, but when it came to sex it was like, *Change the channel*." His parents had ministered to AIDS patients in San Francisco in the 1980s. "The prospect of their son being gay was just so scary, and I can understand that," Roseberry says.

In high school, Roseberry says, a friend slowly brought him out of his shell. Yet the liberation was uneasy. A photograph of him at 16 shows a clean-cut boy in a bright red turtleneck sweater; by the end of adolescence, he was bleaching his hair. "What was I? A hot mess," he says. "I would say I was asexual, just completely shut down. I was exploring my work, but mostly I was just overwhelmed by social dynamics around me." For a while, he worked as a waiter at Chili's. "I was all over the place! I couldn't remember orders." Waiters were rated gold, silver, or bronze—his grade. "The only other person who was bronze was a woman who had a broken arm and couldn't carry her own food," Roseberry says. "I was politely fired."

At 19, after enrolling in a state college, he announced that he was going on a church mission, and from there to seminary, to

THIS PAGE, LEFT: PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST P. HORST, *VOGUE*, FEBRUARY 1947.
RIGHT: PHOTOGRAPHED BY ETHAN JAMES GREEN, *VOGUE*, MAY 2021.

become a priest. His mission carried him to Hawaii, and then to Pakistan, where he distributed aid and supplies to refugees after the Kashmir earthquake of 2005—"a very beautiful experience," he says. But in its transparent extremism—Roseberry and his friends were ordered to speak in tongues, and were told of events in their past that never actually happened—it shook him from the church. On returning, he decided to go not to the seminary but to the Fashion Institute of Technology, in New York. Near the end of his education there, he came out to his parents as gay.

The revelation startled them, they say; it challenged their beliefs. But they worked to understand. "It goes back to that moment in South Carolina. We gave him to *God,*" David explains. "Anything that happened was part of his path."

On the morning of the Schiaparelli couture show, held in the Petit Palais of Paris's Musée des Beaux-Arts, photographers line the base of the building's grand front staircase, awaiting the arrival of the morning's famous guests. Inside, the models receive makeup and hairstyling in a vaulted, brightly lit room, and Roseberry, in jeans and a washed-out denim button-down with a fraying collar, approaches from a board where he has been walking editors through the looks. After all those years working for Thom Browne, whose backstage preparations are notoriously high-strung, he became, he says, "traumatized by the backstage": He peeks around a curtain in the doorway of the room where the models are getting ready, then pulls back.

"I *can't,*" he says with an apologetic laugh.

"All right, girls!" another staffer shouts, taking the lead. "If you're dressed, find your place in the lineup!"

Roseberry began his internship with Browne while still a student at FIT, dropping out to go for his career. "What I saw was somebody who wanted to put the work in," Browne recalls. When the designer unveiled his first full ready-to-wear women's collection, in 2011, Roseberry was close at hand; as Browne increasingly began pushing at gender norms, Roseberry's skills became more and more valuable. "Daniel approaches fashion from more of a feminine point of view, and I approach it more from a masculine point of view, and we complemented each other really well," Browne says.

In retrospect, Roseberry recalls these as freewheeling, outward-expanding years. But it was also a period of chaos. He spent eight years "wildly addicted" to the drug Adderall, he says: "I was taking it every day. It was one of the worst things that's ever happened to me in my whole life."

During his break every summer, he and a group of friends would go to Maine and take psychedelic mushrooms in nature. On the cusp of his 30s, he had a reckoning.

"I saw myself as a character in a book—a boy that was full of promise, full of ambition and hope. And then these dark, shadowy figures started to come in: the Adderall, the cigarettes, just body abuse, because I was going like *this.*" He snaps his fingers in quick rhythm. "I knew that when I left Thom Browne, whatever came next, I *couldn't* bring those things into the next chapter." At 30, he broke up with his partner and took himself off cigarettes and Adderall.

On receiving the offer from Schiaparelli, in 2019, he recognized a house small but ambitious enough to offer a balance of freedom and control where he could find a creative home. "I think because Elsa Schiaparelli was not really thinking in a mass-market kind of way, and because the house was dormant for so many years, its DNA feels pure and raw and untouched and at the same time incredibly elastic," he says. "And the beauty of making things at a smaller scale is that everything can be truly extraordinary."

"He believes in giving a woman something that is able to express what she cannot articulate in words—a persona of herself as somebody braver or more colorful or more unconventional than she is," says Roseberry's close friend Hanya Yanagihara, the novelist and *T* editor in chief. "Not to be reductive, but I think there are two types of fashion designers. The first gets their inspiration from the outside world—they go to a lot of museums, they travel a lot. And then there are the designers who create from an interior landscape that they've been living in since they were children. They go inwards. Daniel is very much in the second category."

Backstage, Roseberry has begun rushing between models, making small adjustments to each look. He fixes the wooden beads—a first in Schiaparelli's deep library of larger-than-life jewelry—slung across the shoulders of one model in a huge, shaggy white mohair coat; the necklace comes to a point in two crossed hands modeled on those of Pascal and Pascaline, Elsa Schiaparelli's favorite mannequins. He marvels at a model dressed in a two-piece suit of gilded wooden beads with a branchlike brooch molded from one of his houseplants; her bared torso is half-painted in Yves Klein blue.

Last year, as he approached his January 2023 couture show, Roseberry found himself both restive amidst an industry mired in a season-to-season churn and drawn to the challenge of a big project. He dreamed of an undertaking that would allow fashion to work at the scale and ambition of the other arts that he admired. If couture wasn't the place for that experimentation, what was?

He reread Dante's *Divine Comedy* and thought about its three *cantiche: Inferno, Purgatorio,* and *Paradiso.* "You meet Dante, who's in his mid-30s," he says, of the famous opening. "The story is about someone who thinks that they've got life figured out, and thinks that they've arrived at some final part of their journey—Dante had achieved some level of fame—but then you see the reality of what his life was like and realize he was just at the beginning." Roseberry saw a reflection of his own progress through demons and endeavor on the way to the unknown. "It was a way for me to think about something rigorous, reduced, and controlled at the beginning, going into something released, sensual, and soufflée in the second part."

That first collection, shown this past winter, combined Schiaparellian variations on classic eveningwear with radical, shield-like forms: tightness and control. Its array of animal elements—a resin snake built into a neckline, shell-like marquetry, realistic stuffed-animal heads of leopards and lions—made his mother think of his Disney childhood, when his whole world was drawing cats. Some internet viewers, however, worried that the stuffed heads glamorized trophy hunting. And some Europeans found the riff on Dante its own species of sacrilege. "I didn't realize this, but the Italian press considers the *Divine Comedy* to be right next to the Bible as a divine text," Roseberry says. He was persuaded to avoid the D-word for his other shows in the trilogy, but Dante's framework remains his touchstone.

The new collection would be called And The Artists, rather than *Purgatorio,* and would pick up where the first ended, with asymmetrical volumetric forms. It would move to looks inspired by artwork and be assembled by his spontaneous method—"an exultation of the hand." Invitations to the show came with a cast Edenic apple.

As the models begin to line up before a staircase leading to the runway, a stage manager pores over a floor plan with one of them, explaining the route. Upstairs, the guests are settled in gilded chairs on either end of the carpeted CONTINUED ON PAGE 348

SET DESIGN: MARY HOWARD STUDIO.

FINER POINTS
Coel wears a Schiaparelli dress. In this story: hair, Antoinette Hill; makeup, Kenya Alexis; grooming for Daniel Roseberry, Peter Gray. Details, see In This Issue.

Cloud Cover

Airy pastel eyes light a way beyond leaden makeup tutorials, and many of us are ready to brighten up, writes Arden Fanning Andrews. Photographed by Norman Jean Roy.

On a balmy Thursday night in June, Sophia Jaramillo, a recent Los Angeles transplant to New York City who has quickly found herself among a new wave of street style stars, celebrated her 23rd birthday with a "pastel prom"–themed celebration. Jaramillo decorated her fourth-floor Bushwick walk-up with curtains of holographic tinsel and served a heart-shaped cake bedecked with undulating squiggles of creamy frosting. On her nails she wore a rainbow set of press-ons in hues evocative of a bag of Jelly Bellies—piña colada for the ring finger, cotton candy for the pinkie—and across her eyes, a swipe of sky blue shadow. Jaramillo is into "the Sofia Coppola *Marie Antoinette* aesthetic," she tells me. "Everyone's really liking more soft tones. That's something that's just kind of naturally happened."

Of course, nothing is completely organic. Call it a reaction against the ultra-defined, super-prescribed tutorials that have dominated YouTube and TikTok for years, the intensive contouring that turned us into so many topographical maps. We're all kind of tired, whether from watching horizons turn an apocalyptic shade of wildfire orange or from having a pile of products pushed on us in pursuit of high-def cheekbones. The emergence of blurry-edged, ethereal makeup offers a break from that particular mode of filtered hyper-reality. Give us our Monet moment, the soft edges of Seurat.

The desire for a shimmery visage is not exactly new, however. Early Victorians might have asked for a powder made of seed pearls dissolved in acid to achieve their desired gleam. After World War II, the introduction of an inexpensive "synthetic pearl" ingredient known as bismuth oxychloride helped deliver shimmering beauty products at massive scale. According to London-based makeup artist Phyllis Cohen (who applied pastel shadows on Tina Turner and Annie Lennox decades ago), the color scheme can be traced to a paint-box palette, sold in the '60s and '70s by legendary London emporium Biba, that is purported to have shaped the aesthetics of the entire glam-rock era. In the '70s, the look was embraced by Veruschka, Cher, and Anjelica Huston, who favored an ombré celery green eye; in the '80s, Brooke Shields, Madonna, and Cyndi Lauper picked up the mantle. Most children of the '90s had at least one brush with Hard Candy—the line best known for the powder blue nail polish fitted with a matching rubber ring. My own encounter took place at Richland Fashion Mall in Waco, Texas, where I brought my saved-up lunch money to the brand's makeup counter and obtained a palette whose largest tray was dedicated to a pale lilac shadow with an ultra-fine sparkle. I wore it till I scraped the palette clean.

While many looks of yore required hairline-to-jaw precision, today's interpretation is quite simple, says makeup artist Sam Visser (a Dior beauty ambassador), who may bear responsibility for kick-starting this iteration of the trend when he sent model Iris Law to her first Met Gala with a sheer, dreamlike gaze last year. The opposite of a dauntingly intricate smoky eye, the look requires little more than an intuitive wash of color. "We're going to see it a lot," Visser says of the looser looks. "It's the natural progression of the way makeup is going." From Jaramillo's perspective, resourcefulness is paramount to skill: "Old YouTube makeup was like, 'You want to get this specific brush that everyone has and is perfect,'" she explains.

"I'm doing my own makeup a lot, and it's the last thing I actually have time to do before a set," says model and musician Angel Prost, who, along with her younger sibling, Lulu, is known as the electronic pop duo Frost Children. "You don't know what a green-room is going to look like: Sometimes it has a well-lit mirror, but sometimes it's a utility closet," she says with a laugh. Prost favors Love+Craft+Beauty products developed by makeup artist Francelle Daly to "copy" quick tricks she learned backstage at shows like Marni (the first runway show she walked). "Frosted lids really pop, like, these are *eyes*," she jokes. It's something Turner, the single-name stylist to Kim Gordon and Grimes, has spotted too. At a recent Blonde Redhead show at Los Angeles's Zebulon venue, the youngest in attendance were "expressing themselves with highlighter everywhere," says Turner of their bright, beaming eyes.

And therein lies the appeal of the new pastel palette: It's one part baby, one part club kid, innocence dipping its toes into the cosmic swirl of psychedelia. A portal—or, an escape hatch—to a different reality. Not quite sure if it will open up my mind or simply evoke my own mall-rat era, I apply lavender Nars shadow as I'm rushing to an afternoon appointment in SoHo. The one-minute application isn't perfect—kind of translucent and smudgy—but I remind myself it's not about precision. A woman standing on the street with a clipboard in hand calls out, "I love your eye shadow!" as I round the corner at Greene and Broome Street. I'll take it. □

NICE ICE

Model Devyn Garcia wears a **Givenchy** dress and a chilly eye. In this story: hair, Joey George; makeup, Fulvia Farolfi for Chanel. Details, see In This Issue. Fashion Editor: Max Ortega.

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WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

For a turn about Central Park, Grace Elizabeth pairs her **Louis Vuitton** pants (select Louis Vuitton boutiques) with an **Hermès** turtleneck sweater (Hermès boutiques). **Ralph Lauren Collection** crossbody bag. Loafers by **Khaite.** It's a fierce look, but her little one, Noah, manages to look even fiercer.

Fashion Editor: Tabitha Simmons.

STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE
A plunging bodysuit beneath the full **Louis Vuitton** look (select Louis Vuitton boutiques)—including a case fashioned after the house's Place Vendôme flagship—adds intrigue.

Just One Thing

The perfect two-piece suit contains multitudes. Model Grace Elizabeth and family do the fashion math around the innumerable styling options of this version by Louis Vuitton—and the results always equal chic. Photographed by Cass Bird.

TOUT SUIT!
Elizabeth offers a master class in layering, starting with a **Fendi** top and skirt set (fendi.com), adding the **Louis Vuitton** blazer and, on top, a robe-like coat from **Max Mara** (maxmara.com). Her husband, Nicolas Krause, wears a **Bode** jacket (bode.com), **A.P.C.** jeans (apc-us.com), and **Officine Creative** sneakers.

SHE MEANS BUSINESS

A tie never looked so modern. Elizabeth pairs her Vuitton pants with a shirt and asymmetrical bustier, both by **The Row**; therow.com. A tucked-in tie from **The Armoury** finishes off the look, which brings *executive* and *chic* together in the same sentence.

BEAUTY NOTE

Estée Lauder Bronze Goddess Healthy Glow Bronzer is an all-in-one hero palette for blush, highlighter, and believably sun-kissed color.

Scan to see more from this story.

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LEAN ON ME
A blazer's lapel is the perfect frame for a fabulous diamond necklace and earring, both by **De Beers.** Top and skirt from **Tory Burch**; tory burch.com. Krause in a **Frame** sweater; frame-store.com. In this story: hair, Panos Papandrianos; makeup, Romy Soleimani. Photographed at Colette. Details, see In This Issue.

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Sunday Best

Whether you're headed out and about or sticking close to home, elevate your weekend wardrobe this fall with a few choice pieces.

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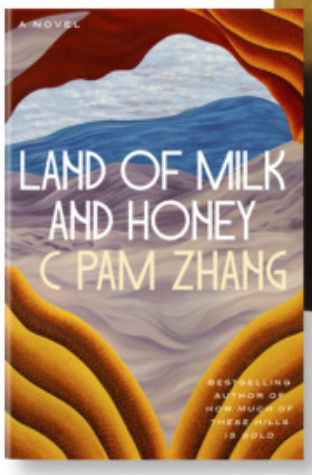

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PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN THOMAS, *VOGUE*, APRIL 2022.

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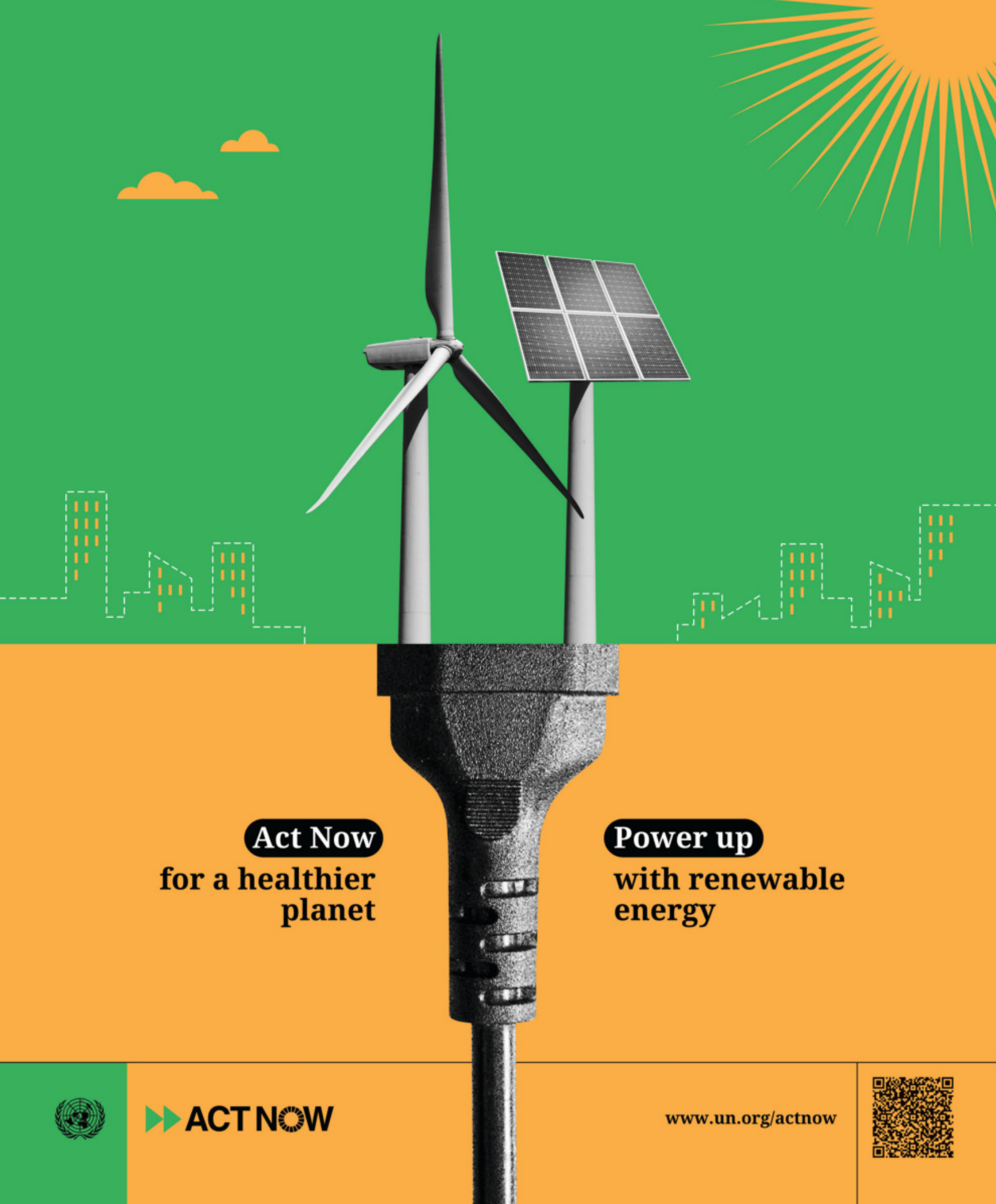
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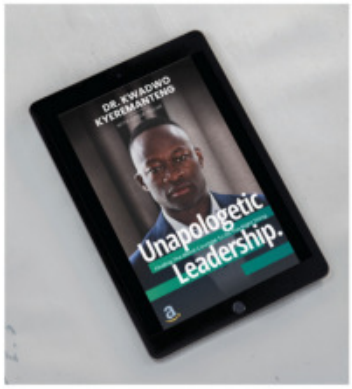

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WHAT'S REAL?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

If you've noticed people in the public eye getting suddenly, sometimes shockingly, thinner—no, your eyes are not deceiving you. It could be the Ozempic effect.

Actors and influencers aren't the only ones rumored to be partaking: Analysts at JP Morgan Chase reported that in the last week of January 2023 alone, US doctors wrote over 313,000 Ozempic prescriptions—a 78 percent increase from the previous year, and that's not counting other brand-name injectables, like Mounjaro, or generics retailed by compounding pharmacies.

The trend has induced a good deal of panic. We'd only just opened the door to conversations around fatphobia, body-shaming, and size inclusivity, telling a generation of young women that they can love how they look no matter their shape or size, when the gods of Big Pharma threw down a lightning bolt—a purported silver-bullet diet drug—that threatens to cast us back to the sorry era circa Y2K when size 0 was de rigueur on the red carpet and the runways. "I would do anything to lose weight," recalls model and body positivity advocate Charli Howard, who struggled with eating disorders in the early years of her career. "I took pills to suppress my appetite; I'd spend hours in the gym. I was killing myself." A friend of mine told me recently that a woman in the chair beside her at a hair salon fainted—she was on Ozempic and hadn't eaten in three days.

Technology offers us a certain kind of world. Do we want it—and if not, do we have the power to say *no*? I find it useful to come at these questions via Ozempic because, like AI, it's a reality-distortion device—but, unlike with AI, the facts and the pros and cons are more comprehensible. Fact 1: Ozempic is not that new. Phase II studies of semaglutide began in 2008; in 2012, researchers at Novo Nordisk developed semaglutide as a diabetes therapy, and the drug, given the brand name Ozempic, was approved by the FDA five years later to treat type 2 diabetes. I pause here to note one thing differentiating semaglutide from AI, though: Its original development was subject to regulatory scrutiny—and, by extension, a form of public consent—whereas the tech industry in general is a regulatory free-for-all. On the other hand, the commercial imperatives and disruptive effects are roughly similar.

"It's a game changer," asserts Rocio Salas-Whalen, MD, a New York City–based doctor board-certified in internal medicine, endocrinology, and obesity medicine who began prescribing semaglutide over a decade ago. "The drug improves metabolic health—the weight loss is a side effect, but for people who have struggled to lose weight, it can feel miraculous." As Salas-Whalen—who, it should be noted, has been paid by Novo Nordisk—goes on to point out, the game-changing could reach far beyond individual patients dropping stubborn, unwanted pounds. The weight-loss industry, the practice of medicine—and, yes, our relationships to our own bodies—are all likely to be upended.

Amid all the recent and welcome talk about body positivity and size inclusivity these past few years, I've been served more ads for fasting aids and fat-zapping services than before Paloma Elsesser and Precious Lee were crowned supermodels. Has anything really changed? Speaking for myself: Yes. I'm not super-skinny, but I'm also not fat; having come of age in the waif-worshipping 1990s, it took me a long time to grasp that, and longer to comprehend that it doesn't matter anyway—that no body is shameful. That is the hard-fought territory we have won. It's not much. My open-mindedness is more aspirational than actual, insofar as I'm constantly falling back on my programming to diet, diet, diet, engaging in tortured deliberation of calories churned and consumed. What terrifies me about Ozempic is how liberating it seems, because one of its primary effects is to alter perception. Like a filter, but inside your head.

"I used to be really compulsive, thinking about food *all the time*—and now it's like this mental real estate has opened up," one friend taking Mounjaro tells me. "It's not that I don't take pleasure in eating, but I feel…*freer*. Better about myself. Better in terms of my wellness. And more creatively productive."

Is this a pro, or a con? Ozempic can seem like a switch you can flip or a tool to deploy, like AI, that will magically transform you into a person as carefree, self-confident, and, yes, creatively productive as the digital *you* online. It achieves the body-positivity movement's goal of unshackling women (and men, and nonbinary people) from the little calorie-counting voice in their heads—not by challenging social norms, but by making it easier to realize them (give or take a side effect or two, which could range from nausea and diarrhea to thyroid cancer and kidney failure). If you think of society as a big algorithm, Ozempic gives us what we want based on the dataset it's been trained on. That's pattern recognition, not progress; it's up to us to imagine an alternative future.

I want to be clear: If someone wants to lose weight for aesthetics' sake—if they're brain-poisoned, like me—I see no moral disparity between taking Ozempic and dieting au naturel. What I'm earnestly trying to figure out is if the likelihood of noticing a lot more skinny bodies around will reinstate a norm we were trying to abolish—and if there's any avoiding that outcome.

The algorithm, of course, favors our passivity, our willingness to be placated and to drift with the tide. That's how we wind up in strange places where we never expected or wanted to be—*so they're listening; what can you do?* "We need to get off our phones and connect with who we are, as individuals," says Demna. "That's the hard path, but creativity is hard—and why should we want it to be easy?

"I'm not anti-technology, as long as it's not a replacement for thinking," he continues. "AI platforms don't invent anything—they can't. Sometimes they open up new options, which is good—but you have to ask for that. If I based my whole collection on AI, it would just iterate off of what I've done before. For many brands, that's fine; they don't need the new to satisfy their customers. Maybe," Demna adds, "that's what we should focus on: Why, as a society, are we not demanding the new and unpredictable? Why are we asking for what's average?"

We all desire progress. For me, that's a society that's healthier and happier, where people have the most possible freedom to flourish; it doesn't mean advancement for advancement's sake—or, worse, advancement for profit's sake. That said, I accept that society sometimes needs an earthquake-scale disruption to jolt it out of its ruts. That's the potential of AI—and of Ozempic, too. Both innovations force us to assess where we are, and where we want to go. The danger lies in expecting either technology to provide us an answer.

"I love AI," asserts Gabriela Hearst, to my surprise. "I love what it can do—what it's already doing—for our work on climate." Hearst, long an industry leader on matters of sustainability, is passionate on this topic and dives straight into the deep end, detailing cutting-edge research. "Experiments with fusion are the most complex and most expensive," she explains. "AI can run all the scenarios around how plasma reacts—it's facilitating the engineers tremendously; we may have a breakthrough soon."

I ask her how her love of AI squares with her work in fashion, much of which is centered around craft. She replies by holding up an extraordinary hand-embroidered tassel.

"AI can't do this," she says. "This is what humans do. We create with our hands, with our hearts, and our heads. So let's not get confused. The threat of tech is dehumanization—when we take away human consent, human decision-making, or take human beings out of the equation entirely: a fake world, but we're still real, and we have to live in it. I don't want that," Hearst adds. "Do you?" □

AMERICAN PASTORAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198

THE SMALLEST PAINTING in Shara's studio, *Trust and Love,* is a 36-by-28-inch image of two red, purple, and orange trees whose branches have intertwined. "You can imagine what inspired this one, and it's NFS," she tells me, meaning Not For Sale. "I'm thinking of giving it to Austin. It does feel like these two trees are us, now. It's about growing together and building a solid bond."

Hughes and Eddy met in 2012. She had recently finished a residency at Skowhegan School of Painting & Sculpture, and was living back home in Atlanta. That August, she came to New York to make paintings for a show she was having, and she stayed in her artist friend Meredith James's apartment. James was away

on a residency, so Hughes took care of Hal, James's large Flemish rabbit. "Hal was a bit haunting to live with," Hughes recalls, laughing. Eddy, five years younger, who had recently graduated from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, was working as an art handler at a New York gallery. A mutual artist friend introduced them, and Eddy invited her to a gallery after-party, which she had never been to before. "I thought, 'Ohhh, so cool. New York after-party.' He introduced me to this side of the art world. That was exciting, and he was really charming. From there on, we just couldn't stop hanging out."

Hughes was surprised when Eddy asked her to marry him two years ago. They were in Zurich, where they both had shows opening, their first since COVID struck. (The art world was back open, until it closed again.) Hughes's was at Galerie Eva Presenhuber—a show of her sun paintings, called "Return of Light." Eddy's paintings and drawings of his semi-abstract iconic-looking birds appeared at Livie Gallery. (Eddy's main dealer is now Eva Presenhuber, and he will have his first show at her space in Vienna in January.) "We were in a celebratory mood," Hughes tells me, "and after his opening, he asked me to marry him when we were back at the hotel. I was so surprised because I knew Austin didn't really believe in marriage that much. That just wasn't his thing. When we bought the house together, I thought that was our commitment. And I was fine with that. I kind of sacrificed my thoughts of getting married. I've always wanted for him to be happy. And then he did the reverse, which was really sweet."

"It was never a question of not wanting to spend my life with her," Eddy tells me, "but more about my not seeing the need to have a ceremony. I thought being committed to one another was enough without the paperwork. But I figured I could compromise as well." Eddy had brought the ring with him to Zurich, even though he wasn't sure he would ask her then. It was his great-grandmother's, and there's an inscription on the inside that reads "a painter's inspiration." His great grandfather had been a painter. Eddy's mother, who had inherited the ring, didn't know the inscription was there until she had it cleaned for this occasion. "Those words are so weirdly super fitting," Hughes says. "It was like a chills moment." Eddy adds: "Oddly enough, the ring fit perfectly. Now we just have to organize this event and practice dancing."

Hughes's wedding dress is by the British designer Jenny Packham. "It's very serious and very playful," she says. "A few months after I bought the dress, I saw a photo of Kate Middleton wearing it, so it's definitely fit for a queen," she says, jokingly. Eddy is much more into clothes than she is, and he had Craig Mack Robinson in Williamsburg, his favorite tailor, make his wedding suit. "He had the suit made the minute after we got engaged," Hughes says. "Of course, he's already worn it, so now he needs another."

For a pair of young Brooklyn artists, Hughes and Eddy lead a relatively quiet and well-ordered life. They're up at 5:30 every morning, have coffee and answer emails, before Hughes leaves at 7:00 for a workout class (high-intensity interval training at F45, her gym), and Eddy goes for a run. They're back in the house around 8:30 to do more emails, and then get to their studios (which are in the same building) by 9:30. They work until 4:00 without leaving the studio—every Monday morning, Eddy makes enough lunches for the week. (The menu: various salads, pulled chicken, tzatziki, turkey burgers, or tofu stir-fry, and veggie dishes.) Eddy does the shopping and cooks dinner and Hughes does the cleanup, unless they're going to a friend's opening or to a magic show or traveling and doing "cheesy touristy things," as Eddy says. They're in bed by 8:00 or 8:30, watching Netflix or something on their separate computers, with headphones—they rarely last more than an hour before falling asleep. "But we're together," Hughes tells me. "He usually falls asleep way earlier than I do." Lately she has been hooked on *Vanderpump Rules.* Painting large canvases is physically taxing. Like athletes, they're permanently in training. "We try to be as clean and healthy as possible," Hughes says, "to help our brains and bodies function so that we can make the best work we can."

There's a finished painting in Hughes's studio called *Cherry in Lace,* of an imaginary tree bathed in reds and pinks with long drooping branches covered with tiny white blossoms. "I see this one as a very specific portrait, maybe a Renaissance painting in a gorgeous lace gown," Hughes says. "Maybe it's a marriage and maybe that's a bride. Her name is Cherry, but it's like a cherry blossom tree. It's *Cherry in Lace* because the white petals look like lace."

But it's a more-than-nine-foot-tall, very narrow, unfinished painting that catches my eye, because it is so different from the others. This one is more true to life, and it's loosely based on the hollyhocks in Fragonard's Progress of Love series. "I thought about my father after I finished this painting," Hughes says, "because it would look more 'traditional' in his eyes—traditional to him means 'looks like real life.'" Joe Hughes retired from medicine 20 years ago but not from painting, and every time Hughes goes to Georgia, they have painting contests. "I made a lighthouse painting for him in the last challenge. It was very realistic looking. I think in that moment he realized I was an artist—not someone who makes pictures because I can paint realistically, but that I am an artist who can create art in my own voice."

Being an artist is a long game, played out over a lifetime. "I can't live without painting," Hughes tells me. "It's how I live and breathe. I'm not threatened by other artists if they're making landscapes, because I'm, well, I'm doing mine. I'm very serious about getting the works into the right places, where more people can see them, so that I can have a place in art history that's meaningful." □

SUPERSONIC

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mail on a naked, muscle-bound model impersonating a chair. "Doon Arbus used to do all the choreography for our shoots for Versace," she recalls. "We did all of our rehearsals and prep for those commercials in Avedon's apartment upstairs from the studio. I went there every day. It was like school. He even made me do voice lessons." There was something very *My Fair Lady* about their relationship. One evening she and Avedon went to watch Madonna's Broadway debut in David Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow.* "Otherwise, I don't think I ever saw him actually out in the wild."

It takes Christy a few laps through Gagosian to find the image she selected: It is Avedon's portrait of the civil rights lawyer Florynce Kennedy taken in 1969, the year of Christy's birth. As she writes in the catalogue: "It's hard to fathom that the fight for equity for all has not yet been won." Christy, who oversees New York–based nonprofit and advocacy group Every Mother Counts, dedicated to improving maternal health care around the world, chose the photo in the aftermath of the Supreme Court's overturning of *Roe v. Wade.* She is one of the very few subjects in the show who did not choose an image of themselves. "To me anonymity is so underrated generally," Christy says; her gaze has long been fixed outside the bubble. "I like to blend in; I like to disappear."

On the way out of the gallery, she pauses at Dovima with elephants from 1955. "I met Dovima at a dinner that the Fords had in New York; she was a Ford model. She was probably in her 60s at the time, and she was working at a pizza parlor in Sarasota, Florida, or maybe Fort Lauderdale; and she died not in a good place. She wrote me a letter, and I have not been able to find it anywhere. She was the first person who said to me: You have to save everything. Of all the things that I wanted to save, I can't find it. But she was like, I didn't save that many things. One of these prints would have set her up."

They Hide in Plain Sight...

With the exception of the pandemic, which she and Augie spent in Canada at a family home, Linda has lived very, very quietly in New York for over two decades. Her disappearance from public life has been written over a few chapters. She has long struggled with depression, most significantly after a pregnancy ended with a stillbirth in 1999, as well as managing some significant genetic health challenges. Augie was born with a sensory processing disorder, which meant that he couldn't properly chew. "I had to purée all his food," she recalls. "This meant I couldn't go very far." It was a rough, lonely time. "My dream growing up, other than to be a model, was to have a family and to have proper conversations at the dinner table and lovely meals," she says. "My father didn't let us speak at the table; he had so much noise all day long working in a General Motors

factory that when he came home he wanted peace and quiet. I am a single mother with a child—but that's all you need to make a family, two people. But it was a struggle with the food." Because of his condition, she says, "I didn't know what he was feeling when I gave him a cheese puff—it could have felt like a rock for him." She has a video on her phone of Augie, age three, eating his first Cheerio.

Linda and Augie eventually settled into a routine of school pickups and drop-offs where Linda was simply Augie's mommy. She hosted Oscar night and Christmas parties for her close fashion pals, and somehow created a tiny world of jolliness for son. Ball sports and playdates filled the calendar.

Her life went from quiet to pin-drop silent after she says she suffered considerable disfigurement after seven sessions of CoolSculpting to her jawline, back, abdomen, and thighs in 2015–16 (she has since settled a lawsuit with CoolSculpting creator Zeltiq Aesthetics). CoolSculpting is a noninvasive treatment meant to freeze away fat cells; Linda had come across a pamphlet for it at her dermatologist's office. In a rare side effect called paradoxical adipose hyperplasia (PAH), a patient can come to grow hard fatty tissue in the affected areas, resulting in swellings and masses that can be permanent. "This delicate girl had this catastrophe happen to her," says the hairstylist Garren. The night before the news broke in a *People* magazine story, she sent an email to her fashion friends, including Cindy, Christy, and Naomi. No one had known what she'd gone through. "I couldn't live with it anymore," Linda says. "I wanted to go outside."

The pandemic brought other challenges. Linda has health issues that have left her immunocompromised. Recently she and Augie moved to a gleaming modern tower where her OCD-credited germophobia will ideally turn down a notch. "Augie asks, Why are you disinfecting the doorknobs when you are the only one using them?"

"I don't mind and I never did mind aging. Aging gets us to where we want to be, and that's for me a long life," says Linda, a woman who has wrestled with existence in the bubble for far too long. "Kevyn Aucoin was so afraid of wrinkles and he never got them. I want wrinkles—but I Botox my forehead so I am a hypocrite—but I want to grow old. I want to watch my son grow into a fine young man. I just want to stick around."

They Keep Walking...

Of her Super peers, only Naomi continues to walk runways and step-and-repeats with breathtaking professional verve (Valentino's Pierpaolo Piccioli: "Amazing on the Cannes red carpet with no nostalgia!"), and to "know everything about everybody" (Christy) in the big game of fashion. "I still love what I do," Naomi says of her many catwalk outings, season on season. "I still feel that fear. I am a canvas and I conform to the designer's vision." *Plus ça change…*

Naomi's enduring relevance is a product of her work ethic and, also, of her ceaseless enthusiasm for the bubble (Anna Sui: "Naomi is in her element with fame") as well as her ability to weather the harsh gaze that often rests on those who live within it. In 2001, for example, Naomi was photographed leaving an NA group meeting in London by a British tabloid. "I was made to feel ashamed of my recovery," she says. "It wasn't that I was in hiding, but this is something you talk about when you are ready." She fought in court for better privacy protections and eventually won, a victory that set an important precedent in the United Kingdom for what can and can't be published. Says Michael Kors, who knows something of the pressures of outsize fame, "It is a lot of attention, a lot of glare, and you have to be really strong to handle it. When I see her still strutting her stuff I think it is an incredible triumph."

These days Naomi struts with a specific purpose. Her goal is to bring young creatives from the emerging markets of Africa, the Middle East, South America, and India onto the "main stage of fashion," she says, and to leverage her relationships with players in the luxury world to provide opportunities and exposure. She does this through her work with Emerge, launched in 2022, and also as a special adviser to the media company Gamma, which works primarily with musical artists. "The world has changed," she says. "There are no borders. Everyone should be included." Of the human rights concerns that color discussions of some of the countries she's partnered with, Naomi says that she has met with people of all genders everywhere she works, including Saudi Arabia, and that in the plainest terms, "fashion doesn't discriminate." She is deeply passionate about her work, and tearful when discussing the impact that representation and opportunity can have on a young mindset. When Chanel showed the Métiers d'Art collection in December 2022 in Senegal (the first fashion show to be presented by any European house in sub-Saharan Africa), Naomi flew with Enninful straight from the British Fashion Awards to her fifth country in as many days. "I will break my neck to see Chanel in Dakar," she remembers saying. "That was historic."

"What's driving me now is seeing that opportunities are being given," says Naomi, speaking of such paradigm-shifting moments as Pharrell's debut for Louis Vuitton or the diverse casting of Valentino's 2019 spring couture show (which she closed, in tears: "When I turned around [at the finale] and saw all those beautiful women dressed so elegantly…"). She knows better than most the value of such openings, of access given purposefully. When pressed she will talk about the discrimination she faced as a Black woman in a largely white industry: "Why was it that I was doing the same job as my colleagues and had to take less money? Why was I booked for the shows but not the ads? I was not close-mouthed." But mostly she speaks about the education she received from a generous and seminally talented crew of mentors: Ralph Lauren, who cast her in his show and campaigns ("At the time I didn't know how powerful a statement that was"); Alaïa ("I miss my Papa every day"), who she watched "make his own patterns by hand"; Gianni Versace, who would see Naomi wearing a vintage frock she'd unearthed while traveling the globe with fellow magpie Anna Sui and say, "You're into Spain right now? Let's cut the dresses. Let's flamenco!"

"I was blessed to be working with incredible creatives," Naomi says, "who cared about your opinion when you were too young to be able to have an opinion. I can never say I have been bored," she adds. "I have been blessed." □

The interviews and photography in this story predated the SAG-AFTRA strike.

THE LONG RUN

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his commute from Government House to the State House is less than 100 yards, but his family's lives are served up for public consumption. "There's nothing that I want more than for them to essentially remain unaffected by this stuff," says Moore of his kids. I ask him to tell me about a parenting moment from his first months as governor that stays with him, and he talks about the inauguration in January. "They both had their jobs," he says. "Jamie did a pledge of allegiance and Mia danced at the ball. And watching them prepare, and how seriously they took it…I remember our son practiced for like three weeks. He has this lisp, so there were certain words he was really trying to work through. And when he got onstage, I remember him looking over at us and being like, *This is a lot of people.* You know, 6,000 of them, staring at him. And he was—flawless. I was so proud because I know the nerves. And he's a pretty shy kid, right? Crowds are still a lot for him. To see how well he did and how beautifully our daughter danced...it was a proud moment. Watching how personally they took their responsibilities, I was like, We're gonna be okay."

Give young people something to be in charge of and they'll rise to the occasion. "That's what all of our kids want and that's what they need," he says. "If you just leave them alone to their devices, or allow other people to influence them, to determine what their sense of belonging and family should look like, it's gonna go real sideways real quick."

He's fixated on inflection points, on moments when you can set people—especially kids—on a different path. This was his focus at Robin Hood, an organization he pushed from a traditional charitable model to a more policy-focused approach to fighting poverty in New York City. "Robin Hood had always been pretty fearful of coming over into the advocacy and lobbying space," says Jason Cone, Robin Hood's chief public policy officer. "But Wes is a catalyst. He's a person who wants to reconfigure the DNA of the institutions that

he's working for." Derek Ferguson remembers when Moore asked him to come on as Robin Hood's COO. "I pressed him, and I was like, You know, that sounds great, but obviously Robin Hood's been doing this for 20 years and they haven't solved poverty, so what are you gonna do differently? And he had a whole game plan. He was like, 'My point of view is that philanthropy alone can't solve this problem. We have to be ready and willing to take on the policies and systems that allow poverty to exist.' "

This wasn't a simple argument when it came to Robin Hood's donors and board. "He had a lot of resistance," says Ferguson. "Public policy gets a little tricky for people who just want to be philanthropists. Like, I know I want to solve poverty, but I don't know if I want to try to figure out what's wrong with the educational system, what's wrong with the criminal justice system. Wes did a masterful job of convincing people why that was necessary. I've never seen anyone do it better: communicate what could be controversial issues in a way that became noncontroversial."

Ferguson grew up, like Moore, in the Bronx, and worked as a top financial executive for Sean "Diddy" Combs at Bad Boy Entertainment. He knows how not to put too fine a point on his argument: "I'll go straight to it. Like, honestly, I don't think many of our Robin Hood supporters and donors had thought about the impact systemic racism has on poverty. And the way he went about gathering his facts and the way he would communicate through great storytelling rooted in his own conviction—I saw multiple people who for the first time in their lives were kind of like, Yeah, I get it. I get that there's a relationship between race, racism, and poverty. And I'll go further: A large number of those people were Republicans. Like, Republicans *forever.*"

Did Robin Hood teach him how to build trust across the aisle? "I really didn't come from a political family," Moore says. "I didn't come from, like, a political world. It wasn't tribal for me. When I was working with Secretary Rice, I don't even know if I fully understood or appreciated that, Oh, I'm working for a Republican." Rice herself says, "He doesn't come across as somebody who's partisan. He doesn't come across as somebody who's going to insist that you agree with him. He's a good listener. That's a real skill."

Moore never seems naive, but he's certainly an optimist and someone who hews to a practical line. He says that his administration has tried to "depoliticize politics," a phrase I didn't know exactly what to make of. I suggest that for Democratic leaders the question of whether to fund more policing or support community-based interventions around, say, mental health, has been tricky. "It's not tricky," he insists. "It's common sense. Nobody in real communities is actually saying it's mental health *or* policing. Political parties say that. But for the families we're talking to, either in Hancock"—a small town on Maryland's border with Pennsylvania—"or Highlandtown"—a dense urban neighborhood in Baltimore—"it's not either or. It's both. Do I want to deal with the mental health challenges in Highlandtown? Yes. And do I want to make sure that we have law enforcement who are gonna respond to our calls in Hancock? Yes. I know that doesn't put me in a specific box. I try to just focus on what people are actually telling me. And the only time I hear a binary choice is from lawmakers. Real people understand that we've been given false choices."

"It seems pretty binary on social media too," I say.

"That's not real people. Social media's not real," Moore says. "Listen, anybody who's making their public policy based on what they're hearing on social media should really find something else to do."

Exchanges like this may remind you that Moore has navigated his fledgling political career without getting into too many truly bruising fights. MSNBC's Reid points out that Maryland is by and large a moderate state and that Moore has the benefit of a Democratic supermajority in its legislature. "Meaning that he's been free to pass a full agenda." This will be an asset if he has aspirations to a higher office. "He's easily set up to have a lot of accomplishments," Reid says. "He can shape his legislative agenda in a very real way. He could easily be marketable in the Democratic Party as a 2028 presidential candidate."

There's no question that Moore, former football player, paratrooper, boxing enthusiast, is tough—I kept expecting him to throw out an Army "hooah" during our time together—but how will he respond to the smears and attacks we see in national politics? During his campaign, opponents circulated claims that he'd misled people about his origin story after the publication of *The Other Wes Moore,* a book that was indeed clumsily promoted as being about two young men who grew up "on the same streets" of Baltimore (a phrase Moore included in the book's own introduction). If you read the memoir, Moore makes no secret that he grew up in the suburb of Takoma Park, then in the Bronx where his mother moved him and his two sisters following the death of his father. He returned to Baltimore when he was an undergraduate at Johns Hopkins. Schmoke says that claims that the book was fraudulent stung Moore. "It was a little rough going, and you could imagine on the national scene people would dig into that and just really burrow a hole in him. But he found his footing quickly," Schmoke says. "In politics, there are going to be bumps in the road. There are gonna be hurdles that he is gonna hit. The question is, after he hits it, is he gonna finish the race strong? I think he will."

Coppin State University is about a 45-minute drive from Annapolis—but spiritually, economically, and demographically it feels much, much farther. This is West Baltimore, where Freddy Gray was arrested and died in police custody in 2015, where protests boiled over into violence in the days after. Moore talks a streak on the drive—about the family's new puppy, a shih tzu–poodle mix named Tucker ("Shee poo? I called him a 'shit poo,' but that's not right"); how the first lady tells him what to wear ("If people say I look nice, I'm like, 'Dawn picked it out' "); how he cooks Jamaican food by taste and by touch, the way his grandmother taught him (oxtail and curry goat are his specialties); what he likes to listen to (Ezra Klein's podcast, "Kendrick Lamar, Jay-Z, J. Cole"); the last great book he read (*Poverty, by America,* by Matthew Desmond). We're passing shabby row houses and deserted corners, and suddenly we are pulling into Coppin. "Sorry I was running my mouth. You didn't get to absorb where you are."

But it's unmistakable, a heady scene, an urban campus thronged with Black families dressed to celebrate graduation. And Moore is in his element. He fist-bumps janitorial staff, trades a joke with Maryland's state university chancellor, says hello to seemingly everyone in his path. He's on a schedule but you wouldn't know it. A wide smile takes over his entire expression as he makes time for a state congressman, and then the guy that brings him his breakfast, which he bolts a few bites of. This is how he campaigned, he'd told me, getting out in communities and talking to everyone he could, and I see how easily it comes to him. He bro-hugs a Coppin security guard I assume he's known for years. (They'd never met.)

The commencement ceremony is being held on the football field, and it's a total scene. Coppin is an institution where students have had to scrape and stretch to make ends meet, and the joy of having arrived here, the sense of hurdles and hindrances overcome, is electric. "Y'all are remarkable," Moore says when he takes the podium to whoops and cheers. "Y'all are beautiful too." Someone in the crowd returns the compliment. "I heard that," he says with a laugh. His speech, when he gets it going, packs uncommon uplift. "You might be the first one in your family to be able to don this cap and gown," he says. "Many of you did not come from financial privilege. For many of you, even attending a university was not preordained. And completion was not a certainty."

If one feels history in Annapolis, one feels it in a different way at Coppin: The state's first Black governor, a man whose arrival here, despite all of his charisma and natural leadership, defies odds. The Coppin graduates in their caps and gowns have defied odds of their own. He talks about how hard they've worked, the jobs they've held down, the kids they've raised. He calls on them to use their diplomas to serve. He exhorts them to build a society that's healing and supportive, to build a world that's bigger than themselves. "I *dare* you to serve," he says. "Service will save us.

"Run for governor," he suggests. "I *hope* you run for governor. Cause I'm just trying to keep the seat warm." □

THE POINT OF THE PAST

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Smith is one of the few authors to become a cultural lodestar, partly because she has been on the scene for more than two decades and partly because she's come to represent one of multicultural Britain's most famous success stories: an intensely photogenic "lady novelist," as she jokingly puts it, state-school educated, born to a Jamaican mother and English father, and raised in working-class Willesden, not far from where we are now. How's that for social mobility? Never mind that she rejected multiculturalism as an ideology—"We don't walk around our neighborhood thinking 'How's this experiment going?'" as she once told Radio 4. If her novels are "strange and uneven"—her description, not mine—full of characters that run the gamut from biracial council-estate kids to Bangladeshi Second World War vets and adulterous Rembrandt scholars, it's because the multiplicities in her books simply reflect the people she met in and around London. Not for nothing is her fourth novel simply titled *NW,* after the postcode she grew up in.

"I felt it like a responsibility," she says of her £250,000 advance for *White Teeth*—a life-changing amount for someone straight out of her undergraduate degree. It bought the Willesden house she lives in now with Laird and their two children, Kit and Harvey. "I really had a hard time with my life suddenly being different. I just thought, 'I have to earn it.' And I earned it retrospectively—I *hope* I've earned it now."

Transformative, too, was her 12-year teaching stint in New York, fulfilling a childhood obsession born out of '90s hip-hop. "New York is a part of my heart forever, I think," she says. Smith remembers walking past Q-Tip on the street and fighting off starry locals at the Rachel Comey sample sale ("I remember holding a dress and Gaby Hoffmann had the other [sleeve]—I was like, 'It's either you or me, Gaby!'"). She could get a martini five seconds from her front door and did the school run while Lorde stumbled out of Electric Lady Studios down the street. It all sounds pretty dreamy, but one's homeland has a way of asserting itself back in your life. "For me and Nick, coming [back] here is more about being closer to Ireland and England and coming to our mutual homes—being among our people, Willesden for me and Ireland for him," she explains.

As we traipse past yet another overgrown grave, Smith fills me in on the story behind *The Fraud.* The real Ainsworth was a hugely successful and prolific author, most notable for popularizing the character of highwayman Dick Turpin. Touchet was his cousin's widow and his live-in housekeeper. It's she who is the star of *The Fraud*—an arch, witty antidote to the hopelessly bloviating Ainsworth. She also happens—in Smith's telling of the tale, at least—to have embarked on torrid affairs with both him and his wife. "It's really hard to find a Victorian marriage that doesn't have, like, eight people in it," Smith says, laughing. "That was part of the spirit of the book—trying to rescue the past from this flat view we have of it."

But just as you think the novel is a Victorian comedy of manners—and it is certainly very funny in parts—Smith pulls the rug out from under you and introduces Andrew Bogle, a former slave who is now the key witness in a controversial, real-life trial of fraudulent identity that gripped England in 1873. As Bogle unfurls his past to Touchet in a chophouse over a hot meal, the whole rancid history of England's involvement with the slave trade—its plantations steeped in human misery and blood—comes crashing to the fore like a rush of blood to the head.

It is virtuosic. I cried reading it, and I'm not the only one who felt moved to tears, as her longtime editor Simon Prosser remarks. "It's a kind of stealth book," he says. "You realize that what she's doing is peeling back the façade of the Victorian novel and revealing what is behind it—the links to the sugar trade back to Jamaica. This is speaking to that history." Or, as Smith says of Austen's *Pride and Prejudice:* "I know where Darcy's money comes from."

She spent just shy of a decade reading about Ainsworth and Touchet before settling down to write *The Fraud* in less than half that time, during her children's football classes, at a Queen's Park café, at the rowdy Kilburn Library, or on buses, brown noise in her headphones to drown out the occasional "fistfight," she remembers. Kit and Harvey are now 13 and 10, and she has come to disbelieve the theory that children are inimical to novel writing. "Sometimes when the space [to write] is constricted, you don't indulge yourself so much," she says. "Interesting things happen."

What Touchet goes on to do with Bogle's story is complicated. Smith resists easy conclusions; she insists always on complexity and truth. "We don't have a clear idea of the past," she says. "It's a cartoon version put together from a few bad movies and some bad books, but it's not accurate, and it's very flattering to us. The point of the past is not to say, 'Oh, look at those terrible people.' The point of the past is to think, 'Is there some analogy between then and now?'" The fraud in her novel doesn't just refer to the self-deception of its protagonists, but to England itself. We are, Smith says, still strangers to ourselves, addicted to artificially sweetened stories about ourselves. "England's mental picture of the past is entirely based on offshore logic. Everything we don't want to think about happened somewhere else.

"This is not a thing unique to England," she continues. "Nation states are based on myths and delusions. It doesn't mean that they're worthless. But it does mean you have to separate the truth from the fiction." Her students at New York University—and before that, at Harvard and Columbia, where she also lectured—used to wring their hands over how people in the past could have ever lived in such unequal times. She told them: "I think the answer is right in front of you—you're living in it!"

Smith's 21st-century bugbears include billionaires ("Anyone who is one is a criminal"), smartphones ("Nobody really wants to hear about the African children mining [cobalt for] that"), and, of course, social media. "I perceive myself as a fairly terrible person," Smith says with equanimity. "The last thing I would want is to be observed by others 24/7." Have people ever tried to make her get Twitter? Her publishers, maybe? "No one's ever tried to make me do anything, to be fair."

Coming out of the mouth of a more austere author, these opinions might register as somewhat hectoring. Out of Smith's—the Willesden accent lurking in a few dropped *t*'s and throaty *dunno*s—they come across as persuasive. She wants the world to do better. She wants you to do better. "The key is not to treat people as if they are objects," she opines. "Once you start saying, 'I just can't with,' you've forgotten what a person is. 'This person is a garbage fire.' *No one*'s a garbage fire. Everybody is a human being."

That said, it's worth reiterating that Smith does not tolerate woolly thinking. When I ask about what it was like to teach young people, she positively sings. "The *youngs*!" she trills. "I wouldn't have written the past four novels without the youngs." It's very easy, as a novelist, she explains, "to get your news or your sense of the world from Radio 4 and four newspapers—it's not healthy. Sometimes I infuriated them, I'm sure some of them infuriated me, but it was always nutritious. That's the best way I can put it."

Did she get caught up in campus debate, like discussions now erupting over cultural appropriation and who's allowed to write certain stories? "Let me be the judge of whether someone can write or not," she says, sharply, of that particular conversation. "Most readers can smell the phony, the fishy, the useless, the vainglorious." Isn't the argument, then: Why give this author a platform in the first place? "But then the book might be bad! That's a different matter. An editor has to make that decision based on their intimate relationship with this book, not on some prior credential. Am I the right person to write a book about a load of white people in Victorian England? What qualifies me exactly? Literally nothing."

I wonder aloud if she experienced the internecine war apparently taking place at universities, olds versus youngs, that kind of thing. "Generational friction is eternal," she muses. "It's happened since the beginning of time." Still, she adds, the idea of boomers versus zoomers has never made sense to her: None of us can escape aging. "I can't emphasize how quickly people much younger than you are gonna find you utterly absurd."

Getting older is clearly on her mind. Part of why she left NYU was a sense of time running out: "I really want to write the books I want to write before I die." Sometimes, she sighs, she blinks and remembers she's 47: "I don't know what I did with my life, but what I did was sit in a room and write."

Still, you could never accuse Smith of sitting in an ivory tower. What strikes me most is her deeply rooted aliveness to the world around her—a watchful openness more common in small children. Call it a kind of porousness: "Zadie is always, always listening," Nelson tells me. "Not in a way where she's listening to catch you out, but in a way that expands the space you can occupy with her."

In the time I spend with her, she stops to chat with two people—three, if you count the second person's toddler—before cheerfully confessing she's never met them in her life. We've given up on our cemetery quest and retired to a nearby bench to recover from the heat—Smith sipping a double macchiato—when a woman approaches us, towing an adorable child with Afro puffs behind her. "I thought the church would be open and the doors are closed," she says in a pleading voice. "I only live round the corner—can you please help us with some change?" I find a crumpled £5 in my bag. "Go on, we can double it up," Smith declares, pulling a tenner from hers. Then she stands up and talks, quietly and with some urgency, to the woman about places nearby she can go for support. A food bank, maybe. I can't quite hear and I don't want to—this is a private conversation, Willesden girl to Willesden girl.

"It's just unbelievable," Smith sighs, watching the woman walk off with her daughter. "This neighborhood at the moment.... Middle-class people are suffering, working-class people are suffering. People aren't getting fed." She removes her sunglasses and swiftly wipes under her eyes. "But the election is coming and I'm gonna skip down to that ballot box with a smile on my face. It's gonna be a wipeout. I don't have any doubt." She snorts: "What were we talking about…*literature*?"

Classic Smith: fiercely self-effacing without being insincere. She remains absolutely convinced of the power of literature but is clear-eyed about its relative importance, and by extension her place in it. "I'm aware that it's a minority sport," she says of fiction. "I could write 15 books, and I wouldn't be able to capture the mood of one Kendrick album. Novel writing," Smith informs me, "is quite low down people's priorities here."

All this said and done, I say, what is, exactly, the point of being a novelist? There is a long pause. "I have this really strong urge to speak clearly," she replies. "Unimpededly. Unsponsored. And free. I just think that's my job." After we wave goodbye, I watch her wheel her red bicycle up Kilburn Lane, off to pick up her kids from school. She doesn't look back. □

MISCHIEF AND MAGIC

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rhabdomancy—but when the moment came, she felt O'Connor was really doing it. "So simple but so true," she says. "The most wonderful thing is not about his acting," she adds. "It's that he's an incredible person. We do this work not just to make a movie. I think we do it to understand something about human beings. You immediately see if an actor is just thinking about the movie, or if they're really thinking about this work as a way to look for something else as well. I think Josh has this capacity."

At St. Edward's school in Cheltenham, O'Connor was not, in a friend's estimation, "the coolest kid in the year, but he got on with everybody." His father taught there, and though O'Connor never found himself in his classroom, his father's knowledge of Shakespeare guided him behind the scenes. (There was also one memorable occasion when Mr. O'Connor had to stand in for the sex education teacher.) Mike Gilbert, who has known O'Connor since the pair were 11, tells a story about the day the school prefects were announced. Being head boy or indeed having any other position of responsibility in the English schooling system was unlikely to be in the cards for O'Connor, whose career in stunts and gags and general detention-earning charm had been somewhat stellar. And so it came to pass: no special role for Josh. So he invented one. "He requested very politely to be made lost property prefect," Gilbert remembers. This was not a role that existed, since "lost property" was a cupboard, accessible to anyone. In it, however, O'Connor saw the perfect basis for a long-running joke: He would become a comic middle manager based on Ricky Gervais in *The Office*. Posters proliferated, with time slots when students could see O'Connor and retrieve their belongings; announcements and motivational speeches were made about lost property from the school stage. None of the teachers could stop him because he was, after all, providing a service. "He carved out his own way," says Gilbert, before adding happily: "Our relationship is built on being pretty stupid."

O'Connor could have been an artist—friends still comment on his drawing skills—but by the age of 16 it was clear that acting was for him. A drama teacher took him under his wing and introduced him to "Bertolt Brecht and Stanislavski, and everything in between," O'Connor says. No one from St. Edward's had ever applied to drama school, but this teacher—Mr. Strachan—showed him what was possible, and before long O'Connor was following his heroes Daniel Day-Lewis and Pete Postlethwaite to the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School, set up in 1946 by Laurence Olivier. O'Connor lists a number of other actors in his cohort: "I stole from them all the time. They'd do stuff that would blow my mind, and I'd think, I want to be more like them. It was an incredible time."

At the start of his career, one thing that used to get him down was his dyslexia. "You'd be sent maybe 10 pages of dialogue to learn 48 hours before doing it in front of a director and casting director," he remembers. "And that was just a nightmare. I had friends at drama school who could honestly *look* at a script and do it. And I was always so jealous." Then someone told him to see it as an advantage. "And now I firmly believe that." By reading a script four times when others may only need to read it once, he explains, "you are seeing things that other people aren't seeing. Maybe not consciously, but things are happening, decisions are starting to be made without you knowing. I think I wouldn't be half the actor or artist or anything else if I wasn't dyslexic."

A few days after our cup of coffee we meet again at the National Theatre. O'Connor is wearing a pair of black cotton Loewe trousers with some battered white Acne Studios sneakers (he likes shoes to last him a minimum of five years), mismatched socks, and a T-shirt bearing a flower alongside the slogan "Anti-growth Coalition." He greets me with a hug and, barely pausing, embarks on a long-strided tour of his favorite spaces. "This is the most important building in London!" he announces, with a categorical enthusiasm I have quickly come to recognize. O'Connor grew up a Catholic. But, he says, sweeping his arms toward Denys Lasdun's imprinted concrete walls, "I sort of think this is my God now."

In 2020 he was due to play Romeo on the Olivier stage at the National opposite Jessie Buckley's Juliet, but the theater had to be closed to the public. They shot it as a film instead. The theater was empty, and whenever he had a break he would wrap up against the cold and lie on a bench on the terrace here, looking up at the clear night sky.

Buckley and O'Connor met 10 years ago, when O'Connor, recently graduated from drama school, was in a play at the Southwark Playhouse in London. Buckley came to see it because a friend of hers was in it too. She and O'Connor have been fast friends ever since—which explains, to some extent, the extraordinary naturalism and immediacy of their performances in that film. "We really had each other's backs to take whatever risks we wanted," Buckley tells me. "Also everyone just loves being around and working with Josh. I think he brings out the unseen magic in everyone he comes into contact with."

O'Connor and I walk along the Thames, past the skateboarders on the Southbank, as he tells me about his clothes. "A lot of my stuff comes from skateboarding shops," he says, coincidentally. "Skateboarding brands make the best jeans. And they've always got really nice designs. Actually there've been a few times where I've been walking along in my normal clothes and skateboarders have gone past and been like, 'Yes, mate!' " O'Connor shrinks a bit and says, under his breath: "I'm like, I'm not in your gang! I know I look like I am but I'm not...."

He still dreams of performing at the National Theatre, but he has no plays lined up for now. His film career is keeping him busy: There are the Rohrwacher and Guadagnino films, plus a small part in *Lee,* in which he plays the son of Kate Winslet's Lee Miller, and there's a secret project, he says, in Colorado that he'll begin shooting soon.

On his Spotify that day are the 1920s German composer Kurt Weill, the '60s American sax player King Curtis, as well as Blood Orange, Yumi Zouma, and Lizzo. He loves choral music. There was a period when he tried to find somewhere to listen to the Rachmaninoff Vespers every Christmas—"one of the greatest bits of composition you will ever hear." His wide-ranging cultural tastes are confirmed by Gilbert, who is quick to explain that although you might associate O'Connor with art house films and ceramics, he loves *Superbad* too, and watches *Love Actually* "at least half a dozen times a year." He's also happier in his own company than his gregariousness might suggest. Given the choice, says Gilbert, he'd pick pizza and FIFA over a celebrity-filled party any day.

So far, so well-adjusted. Yet O'Connor has become something of a public advocate for psychotherapy. Why is that, I wonder? "It makes you a more rounded person," O'Connor says simply, before looking a little sheepish. "This is a very terrible admission," he says, "but in some ways, I think the reason I first went to a therapist is because I thought it looked cool to have a therapist. Now I stay because it's amazing! I always had this notion that people go to therapists because they've got problems. I wish I'd known that you can be okay and go to therapy and still benefit so much."

Half the time, he says, he's trying to get to the bottom of why he feels happy. "Right now, it's the happiest I've been for a long time. I'm really kind of in a peaceful, relaxed space. But I also want to work and I want to be creative. And that's, you know, a difficult balance." □

The interviews and photography in this story predated the SAG-AFTRA strike.

PARIS, TEXAS

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runway in the vaulted room, greening through the windows in high Paris summer.

From its first pieces—a tipping wavelike skirt, deconstructed from the concept of a ball gown; a high-collared white coat with the trompe l'oeil outline of a person—the collection builds into elaborate looks, layered with quirk and accessories. One model, painted Klein blue, drips with beads, feathers, and preserved flowers, some accoutrements formed into the shapes of eyes and hands. A miniskirt is threaded with several feet of looping black coil, creating a halo at the hips that moves as the model walks.

As the soundtrack quiets to a whisper of percussion to prepare a swell, the Frank look appears at the foot of the runway, worn by a new model. The hall stills with the music, and an air of wonderment gathers. Slowly, the model and her dress approach, and the padded, painted leather bounces gently as she moves. The audience looks starry-eyed.

When the show ends, Roseberry returns backstage, where he is swarmed with well-wishers and admirers. Cardi B, wearing a black Schiaparelli hourglass dress with an ecstatic wrap of shimmering feathers, crowds him warmly. "I *loved* it," she says.

The bosses are pleased, too. "This is a big laboratory where we try to parlay the codes of the queen that is Elsa," Diego Della Valle, Schiaparelli's owner, remarks, admiring the crowd. "And Daniel is a fantastic prince."

Waiting mildly near the back of the throng are David and Fran, the designer's parents, she in a trim black Schiaparelli look, he in a summer suit of pinstripe checkers.

"A lot of things I look at and read today, I feel like I'm a diminished person—because it's hard, you know?" David says with pride. "I feel strongly that Daniel's mission is to bring beauty back into the world."

That evening, guests are invited to the Place Vendôme for a cocktail party on its third floor, fitted with arrangements of handbags, jewelry, and mannequins displaying exquisite black, white, and red garments. Earlier this year, Roseberry created Schiaparelli's first full ready-to-wear collection: a linchpin of the house's growth plans, and also of its first real—and yet still precious—retail expansion.

At the moment, Delphine Bellini, the house's CEO, guides Elsa Schiaparelli's granddaughter, the actress Marisa Berenson, through a room

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248–249: On Evangelista: blouse and shoes; givenchy.com. Skirt; theory.com. On Crawford: dress and shoes; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. Zhilyova bra; zhilyova.com. Necklace; 1-800-BVLGARI for information. On Turlington: dress; ysl.com. Shoes; manoloblahnik.com. Bangle; debeers.com. On Campbell: dress and bra top; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. Shoes; piferi.com. Earring and ring; 1-800-BVLGARI for information. **250:** Jacket, skirt, bag, and shoes; versace.com. Earrings; 1-800-BVLGARI for information. **251:** On Evangelista: jacket; ysl.com. On Campbell: dress; prada.com. **252:** On Crawford: dress and shoes; prada.com. Cuffs; tiffany.com. On Evangelista: coat, shirt, pants, tie, and boots; Valentino boutiques. **253:** On Turlington: jacket and skirt; prada.com. Shoes; manoloblahnik.com. On Crawford: parka, bodysuit, and skirt; bergdorfgoodman.com. Shoes; casadei.com. **256:** On Evangelista: dress; alexander mcqueen.com. Shoes; us.sergiorossi.com. Bracelet and ring; debeers.com. On Turlington: dress and gloves; Maison Schiaparelli, 21 Place Vendôme, Paris. Earrings and bracelet; select Chanel boutiques. **257:** Dress and shoes; loewe.com for information. **258:** On Turlington: leather top, tank top, and pants; bottegaveneta.com. Bracelet; Cartier boutiques. On Campbell: denim top and pants; maison-alaia.com. Tank top; levi.com. Bracelet; Cartier boutiques. **259:** Jacket, shirt, skirt, belt, and boots; proenza schouler.com. Necklace; Cartier boutiques. **261:** On Campbell: gown; ralphlauren.com. Necklace; (800) 929-DIOR for information. On Crawford: gown and shoes; ralphlauren.com. Manicurist: Megumi. Manicurist for Naomi Campbell: Candice Idehen. Tailor: Lars Nordensten for Lars Nord Studio.

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where the new pieces are draped on mannequins for study. "Daniel is a *dreamer*," Bellini remarks genially, standing near a piece in glorious black feathers. "When we saw the vision that he had for Schiaparelli, we could see the future."

Roseberry spends the next morning in quiet contemplation, in the apartment he rents in the leafy 7th arrondissement of Paris. It's a cool, soft day, and the double windows are propped open to the breeze. A large glass vase of sunflowers rests on the dining room table, near an array of books—James Baldwin and Richard Powers, Daniel Kahneman and the landscape work of Monet. During a normal week, Roseberry wakes at 6:30 a.m. and makes himself breakfast. He lights incense and puts on music (Fleet Foxes, Taylor Swift). "There's something innately and unabashedly basic about me—I'm not cool," he says. He sees the morning hours as a chance to connect to the world of his childhood, to steel himself for work in a country whose language he barely speaks. "Growing up, we would have said it's 'putting on the armor of God,'" he says. He glances out the window, which faces a soaring Gothic church. "You prepare yourself for going out into the world."

At 9 a.m., he is often the first in at the Schiaparelli offices; he ends the workday by visiting his trainer and then comes home to cook himself "a super-simple dinner" and turn to the TV. "Lately I've been watching these Ken Burns documentaries—those aggressively American documentaries."

Roseberry has been open about his ambivalence toward Paris. "I'm deeply dissatisfied with life here," he says, "but that's because I'm so turned on by work. I don't have the community to pull me into the richness of what life here could look like."

While preparing for the summer show, he went out to a dinner party, returned home vaguely depressed, and awoke the next morning to what he describes as an "out-of-body experience."

He goes into the next room and returns with a large sheet of heavy paper on which he had taken notes during his out-of-body time. Roseberry no longer attends church, but still feels that he has a relationship with a higher power. "In my mind I'm asking"—he gestures toward the sky—"what is the lesson here?"

His adult life, he realized, had four parts. First, the 20s: Texas to New York, friendships, Thom Browne, ambition, demons. "It's the fantasy of youth, the imagination hiding in plain sight, the American roots." Then the 30s: "That's the move to Paris, building a body of work," he says. "It's full of pressure, trial by fire." Realizing where he stood brought peace of mind. "Paris is really not *about* a community-based life for me. It's about building a body of work." He has a boyfriend and some facet of a social life but thinks the brightest bits are yet to come.

"The 40s started feeling like the great creative beyond," he says. This year, he signed with CAA, the talent agency. "I know I'm not just a dressmaker," he says. "I want to be able to work additionally in creative fields that go far beyond fashion. That could be film, music, any number of things." Beyond that point—he looks to the fourth quadrant in his notes, representing his 50s and 60s—"an age of mastery, becoming like a child again." Paradise, his paradise, at last.

Until then, there's the struggle, the uncertainty; the lonely, short-lived happiness of trying to make art. As Roseberry rode home from the couture show, a friend called him, and asked him how he felt. "Awful," he said. "You toil and troll for months to create something that feels magical, to prove to yourself that there's some meaning to the commitment," he explains now. "Then you get there, and—it just never feels like enough."

And so—after the show, after the backstage accolades, after the first admiring reviews had come through, eerily like the one he'd written for himself—Roseberry went to the gym. "I went on the treadmill to run off the blues," he says, and allows himself a gentle smile. "And the first thing I started thinking about was next season." □

The interviews and photography in this story predated the SAG-AFTRA strike.

Panconesi ear cuff; marco panconesi.com. **272:** Valentino Garavani earrings; Valentino boutiques. Erdem necklace; erdem.com. **273:** Valentino Garavani tie; Valentino boutiques. Hannah Jewett earring; hannah jewett.com. **275:** Earring by Keisukeyoshida; keisuke yoshida.com. **276:** Shoes; shop.doverstreetmarket .com. Earrings from Coach (coach.com) and Justine Clenquet (justineclenquet .com). **279:** Noir Kei Nonomiya x Repetto shoes; shop.doverstreetmarket .com. Earring by Keisuke yoshida; keisukeyoshida .com. Justine Clenquet necklace; justineclenquet .com. Manicurists: Rie Fujii, Hiromi Hasegawa, Eichi Matsunaga, Tomoya Nakagawa. Tailor: Azuna Saito.

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330: Dress; givenchy.com. Manicurist: Miki Higuchi. Tailor: Cha Cha Zutic.

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Last Look

Givenchy bag

Fall fashion has us quite literally clutching pearls: Whether baroque, freshwater, or glass, they've been turning up on the season's most-wanted handbags, shoes, and fine jewelry pieces—at least a few of them likely inspired by the many pearled pieces in "Karl Lagerfeld: A Line of Beauty" at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. This leather bucket bag by Givenchy, aptly named the Shark Lock, is the catch of the season: a top-handle purse featuring tentacle-like strands of pearls in various sizes—and a shearling upper portion as frothy as a wave lapping up on a very fashionable shore.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DELALI AYIVI

What if your **best skin**
is only a **drop away?**
OLAY
© P&G 2023

Last Look

Chanel boots

For fall, creative director Virginie Viard offers the maison's iconic cap toe on a subtly lug-soled boot in two tones—a grained calfskin in pure white and a glossy black patent. The finishing touch: a dozen pearl adornments flanking the front zip.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DELALI AYIVI

Bode bag

In true Emily Bode fashion, this piece is composed of restored vintage materials—in this case, a 1920s beaded fringe that the designer suspects was made to trim lampshades. With looped handles of wrapped ribbon and tiers of musical pearls, it's the glorious result of over 60 hours of handwork.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUANYU XU

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SUPER CHARGE IT

Roger Vivier hat

Roger Vivier's showstopping shoes are widely adored, but here's a good reminder that the house's other pieces—from bags to bracelets and everything in between—can also be every bit the bee's knees. For fall, Vivier adorns a broad-brimmed fisherman-style mesh hat with a smattering of hand-applied Swarovski crystals and pearls that dangle all over.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PEYTON FULFORD

TARA BEEKEEPERS ASSOCIATION IN GEORGIA.

Jimmy Choo shoes

Jimmy Choo gives brides their something blue and the rest of us our something new. These glossy patent leather pumps prove the perfect base for a pearlescent touch. Slip them on, and there's really no need for more jewelry—unless, of course, you simply *must*.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVEY ADÉSIDA

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Last Look

Gucci top and brooch

While these two pieces are sold separately, they make such a lovely couple, with the top (a cobalt mohair cropped turtleneck) and the brooch (a cascade of crystal- and pearl-beaded strands) yin to each other's yang. Drape the brooch like a necklace—it'll add a flourish you didn't know your sweater needed.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DELALI AYIVI

SET DESIGN: CAZ SLATTERY. PHOTO ASSISTANT: CHRISTOPHER MOREL.

Dolce & Gabbana Alta Gioielleria necklace

With all its blooms, this exquisite high jewelry piece is like a bouquet for your neck. An array of colored gemstones (pink tourmalines, sapphires, aquamarines) and diamonds—along with a South Sea pearl dangling front and center—are thoughtfully arranged into a necklace imbued by Dolce & Gabbana's Alta Gioielleria with all the beauty of its real-life counterparts.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAILA RUECHEL

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Last Look

Balmain bag

What do you get when you fuse chain mail with pearls? Balmain's Olivier Rousteing pondered the notion—and then produced this gorgeous accessory replete with twin black leather handles. Inspired by the humble grocery bag, it's the most luxurious way to tote around your daily (or nightly!) necessities.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAILA RUECHEL

Cartier High Jewelry earring

Like a tassel for your ears, this Cartier High Jewelry piece is black, white, and chic all over. Adroitly crafted in a dazzling sequence of platinum, pearls, onyx, and diamonds, it's both a modern-day stunner and an heirloom in the making. You could also say it puts the *art* in art deco.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAILA RUECHEL

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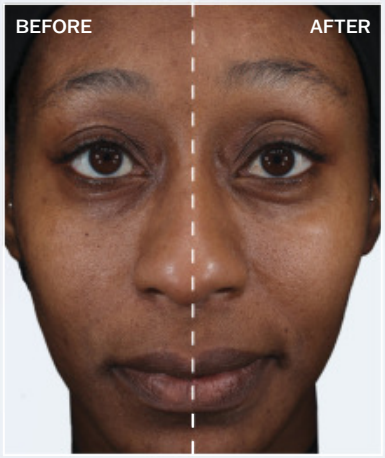

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Last Look

Dior shoes

These slingbacks were made for slinging—whether onto your ankles or a post in your garden. A pointed-toe suede front, festooned with a ring of pearls, encircles an embroidery of a rose, with the result of it all every bit as lovely as the wildflowers.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PEYTON FULFORD

CRACK IN THE SIDEWALK FARM IN ATLANTA, GA.

See the **power** of
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Ralph Lauren Collection earring

One night out in these and you'll want to swing from the chandeliers. Crafted from sterling silver, these shoulder-grazing bijoux sparkle with crystals—with each earring possessing a handful of pearl drops guaranteed to flutter with your every step or shimmy.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUANYU XU

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